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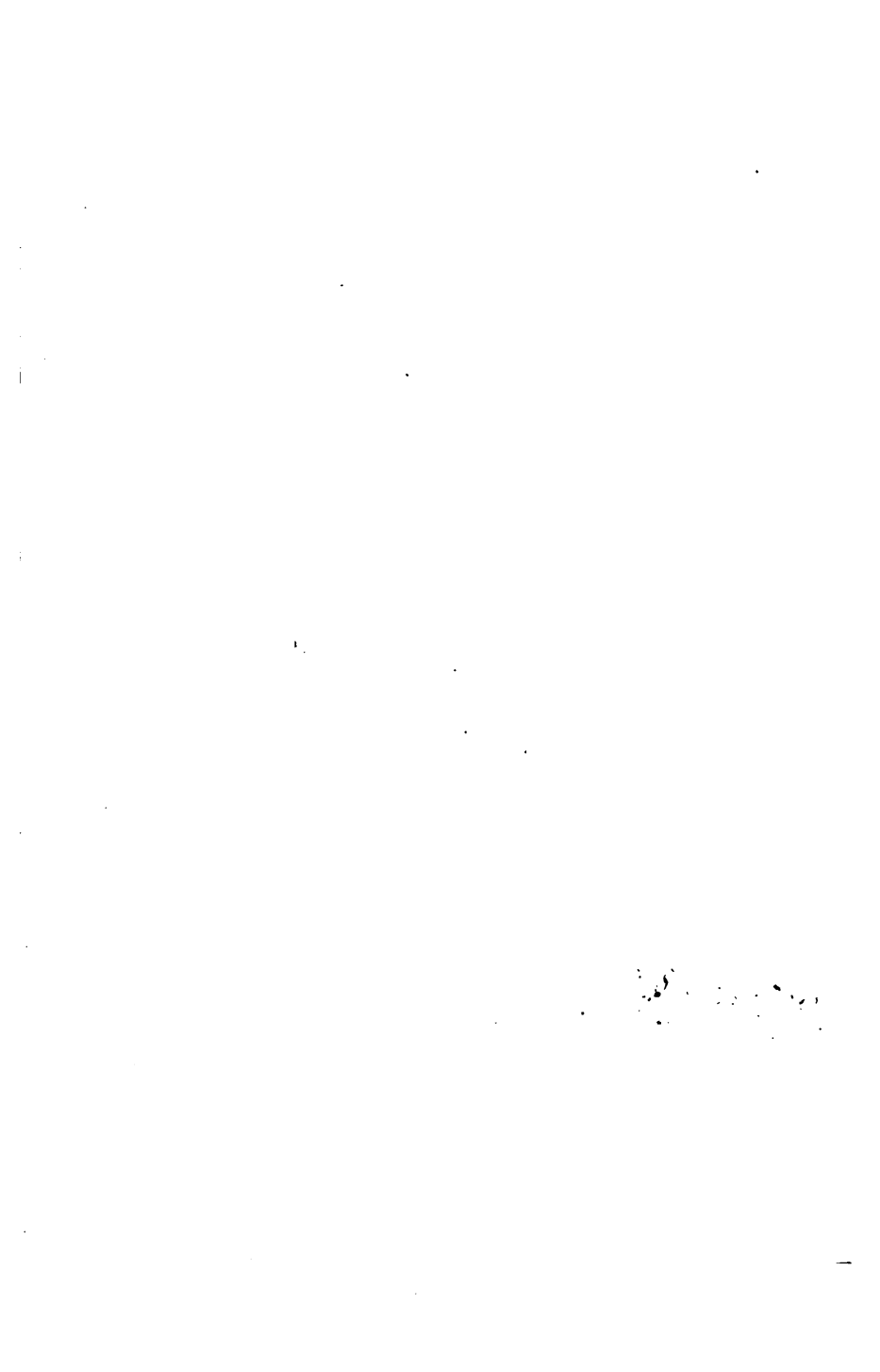
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A SUMMER ON THE ROCKIES.







(Frontispiece.)

In Answer
To the Question

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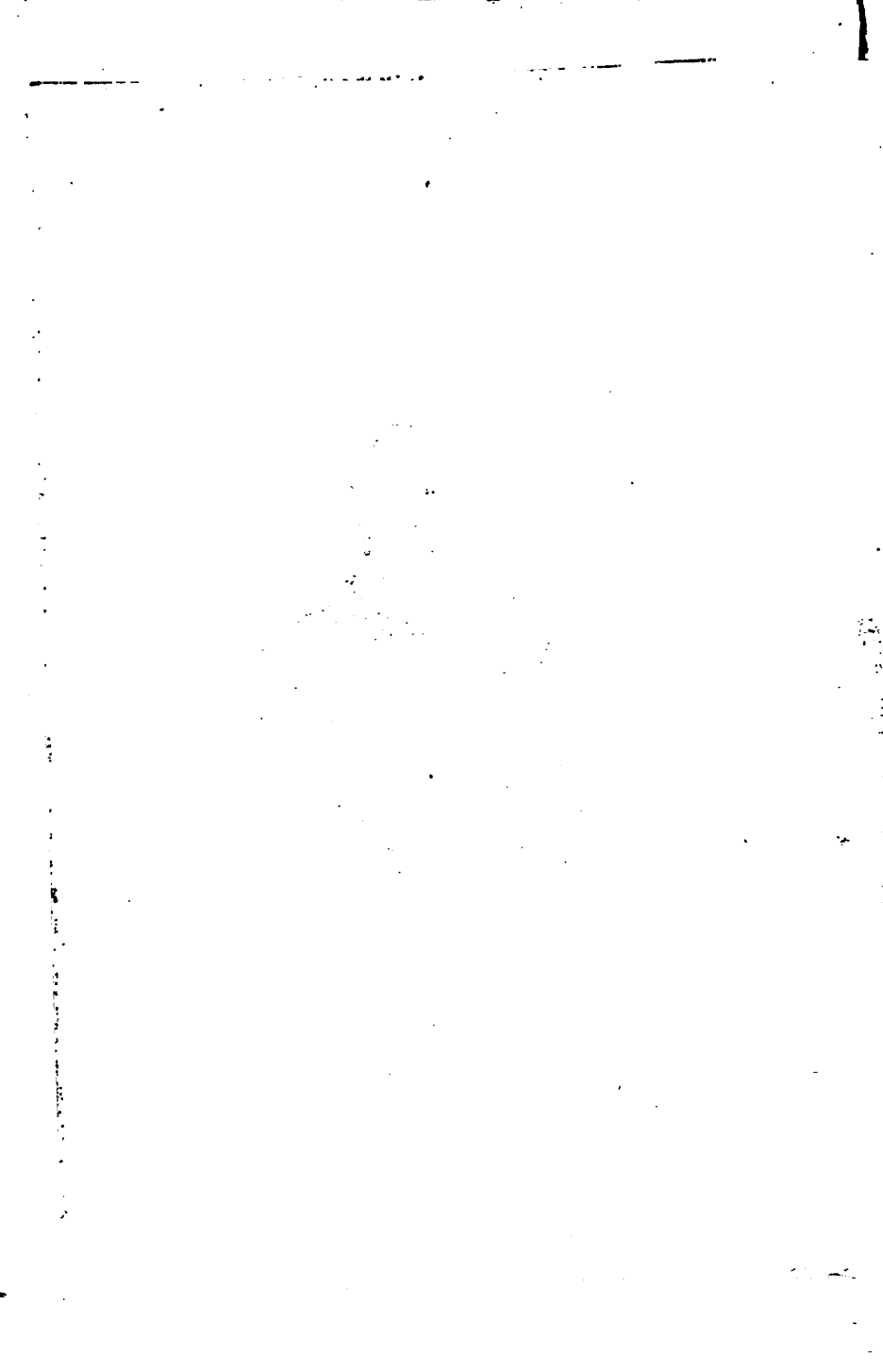
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A SUMMER ON THE ROCKIES

BY

MAJOR SIR ROSE LAMBART PRICE, BART.

AUTHOR OF "THE TWO AMERICAS," ETC. ETC.



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LONDON

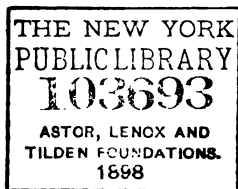
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TO
MY OLD FRIEND AND RELATIVE
MAJOR GENERAL
JOHN J. COPPINGER,
U.S. ARMY.

Shuman - 22 Sept-98 - 4/6



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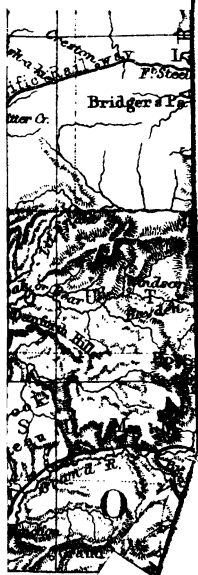
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A SUMMER ON THE ROCKIES.

CHAPTER I.

Invitation from General Coppinger—Outline of route
—Leave England—New York—Coney Island
Races—The “Suburban”—Killing and canning at
Omaha.



N getting home one day in March, 1897, after a long tramp over the country, I found a letter from my old friend and relative, General John Coppinger, of the United States army, asking me to come with him on a tour of inspection of the various posts he commanded on the Rocky Mountains.

The General was in command of the Department of the Platte, with headquarters at Omaha, and had a tolerably wide range to look after ; speaking roughly, I should think as large an extent as two or three average European countries put together.

It comprised the States of Iowa, Nebraska, and Wyoming, with parts of Idaho and South Dakota—plenty of room to move about in—and his force was two regiments of cavalry and four of infantry quartered at Forts Niobara, Omaha, and Robinson, in the State of Nebraska, and Forts Russell, Camp Pilot Butte, and Fort Washakie, in the State of Wyoming ; and these were the principal posts he intended inspecting. After the inspections were over he proposed that we should potter about the Rockies, shooting the various kinds of grouse and wild duck that we might come across, and sampling the various rivers and streams for trout, until such time arrived when the big game

season would be open, and we could devote our attention to elk, antelope, and Rocky Mountain sheep or big horn ; after which we were to return through the Yellowstone National Park, and see the Great Cañon and the Geysers. His friend, Dr. Seward Webb, with another hunting party, would meet us somewhere on the Rockies, and would bring back the united outfits in a special train from Cinnabar in Montana, where we should come out. Our whole summer would be thus spent in the mountains. "Come out, old man," he added, "if you possibly can, as this may be our last chance of a hunt together, it being quite on the cards that next year I shall have to retire from the service."

The programme was tempting, and I jumped at it. Two and twenty years ago I had hunted with my old friend on the Forks of the Loup in Nebraska, at a time when game was a great deal more plentiful in the United States than it is now. He was then in command at Fort Hartsuf, a

post since done away with through the ever advancing wave of civilization ; but at the time I visited it a delightfully wild, unget-at-able sort of place, not far from where the Indians were perpetually raiding, and in a country abounding in game ; elk, antelope, and black-tail almost jostling each other—as they say in Ireland—so I knew from experience what a good host the General was.

The recollection of those happy days of long ago brought back all the longing and yearning to return to the old life under canvas that was then so delightful, and the mere memory of which still causes the blood to flow quicker as thoughts of the “old times” cross one’s brain, so that it was in a sort of beatified condition I prepared for the journey. Guns, rifles, and rods wanted overhauling; mocassins wanted looking to, and anticipations, soon to be realized, kept me in a contented frame of mind until the day arrived for my departure.

I left Liverpool in the "Umbria," for New York, on the 12th of June, 1897—Captain Dutton—arriving there after a very comfortable passage on the 19th. So many Americans had remained over for the Queen's Diamond Jubilee that the boat was comparatively empty, and the comfort of those crossing materially increased by better accommodation and more elbow room. Shortly after leaving I was somewhat amused by a conversation I heard in the smoking room between some Americans, one of whom was reading aloud a printed list of the passengers' names, given alphabetically. I was sitting beside him, but of course he did not know me. In due course he came to the P's, and read out: "Sir Rose Price, 'Bart.'" No. 1 American: "What's he?" No. 2 ditto: "He's a lord." No. 3 ditto: "No, he ain't—he's a baronet." No. 2 ditto: "Well, that is a lord—I told you so." No. 4 ditto: "He ain't a full-blown lord, then, sort of a half lord he'll be."

Reader (tired of the interruption and

wishing to go on with the list): "Guess he's a boss Britisher of sorts, anyhow"—goes on reading.

I never saw a place more altered than New York in only nine years, which was about the time I last visited it. The Fifth Avenue, which used to be entirely occupied by fashionable residences, had been quite given over to shops; and all the handsomest houses, and best hotels, are being located as far up town and near Central Park as they can get. Down town, about Wall Street and beginning of Broadway, the alteration is quite as marked. Piles of buildings with no sort of architectural beauty are being run up in every direction, varying from twelve to twenty-three stories in height—the rage among builders being always to go a story or so higher than any of those already in existence. Should New York ever be afflicted with an earthquake the results will be dreadful. Independently of any dangers that may arise from these inordinately lofty structures the general

effect is hideous, and can only be thought of as a fearful nightmare. I was struck by what a few years had done for Central Park. The trees had grown considerably, the grass was in better order, and all kinds of improvements had been effected since my last visit, making it quite the most beautiful public park I have ever seen. The undulations of surface, water, rocks, and natural wild features, all combining to form a very perfect whole. Lieutenant Grote Hutcheson, General Coppinger's aide-de-camp, met me on the "Umbria's" arrival, and under his protecting wing I had my path made very smooth. My luggage at the Customs was not even opened—passed like magic—of course I had previously signed the declaration form that I carried no excisable commodities, but this had rarely availed on former occasions in saving me from an overhauling. The hack man even omitted to overcharge, which those conversant with New York and its customs will acknowledge was little short of a

miracle. To sum up in a few words all the various benefits conferred, I had neither to pay (at the time) for a single thing, look after luggage or anything else, trouble about route, or even to think, until he delivered me safe and sound to the General at Omaha. I was regularly fathered, and found it very pleasant. I put up at the Holland House, a new and comfortable hotel which had sprung into existence since my last visit, and Hutcheson set to work to make my time in the city a pleasant one. My name was put down during my stay for three different clubs—I might have had half-a-dozen more could I have used them—and as some races were going on at Coney Island, he took me down to see the "Suburban"—a handicap for three-year olds and upwards, for \$6,000—a good race, and won by Mr. Dwyers Ben. Brash, who started favourite. The races interested me, as the horses were started in a way I had never seen before. A light net was stretched across the starting post, the ends reaching to about a couple

of feet below the horses' heads, which were drawn up facing it in places previously allotted by number. Some machinery for raising and depressing the net was controlled by the starter's assistant, who worked by his orders, and the horses were despatched from the halt. I went down to the post for a two-year old race, none of the horses entered ever having faced the flag before, and they got away, I think nine of them, at the second trial. Mr. R. T. Emmet, an old U.S. 9th Cavalry man, who later on joined our party for the hunt, asked me down to his place at New Rochelle, and I spent a very pleasant day cruising about the sound in his yacht, the "Signal." He also showed me the "Defender," a racing machine built of aluminium, celebrated for its race with Lord Dunraven's "Valkyrie" and the most unfortunate dispute that arose out of it. We left New York on the 26th, and after a short stay at Chicago, just long enough to take a drive round some of the principal

residences, got to Omaha on the 28th of July.

On arriving I found General Coppinger and his other aide-de-camp (Lieutenant Perry) waiting on the platform to receive us, with a carriage and ambulance for our luggage, and shortly afterwards I was most comfortably quartered in the Omaha Club as the General's guest. Omaha, like every other town out here, had grown considerably since I last saw it, but the heat was too great for much comfort, and though I had a fine large bedroom with about half-a-dozen windows in it, I was much too hot to be favourably impressed with the town as a place of residence. Most of the water, if not all, is supplied by the Missouri River, and is so impregnated with mud or fine sand that one's morning bath is not inviting, though it is refreshing enough when one once gets into it. Omaha is a great centre for cattle killing and packing; it also possesses large and important smelting works, where many of the refractory ores,

unable to be dealt with locally, are sent to from great distances. The killing and canning industry is perhaps its chief and most important business, and as I had already on a previous visit to the States seen one of the largest smelting works at Denver, I decided to visit the killing and canning establishments now. Hutcheson knew the principals at a couple of the largest of them, the South Omaha Canning Co. and Cudahy's, and one morning we started off together to see them. Mr. Talliaferro, the manager of the former, we had met on board the train coming from Chicago, and he very kindly took us over his establishment, and gave us lunch there.

To describe accurately and give the entire detail of all that happens to an ox or pig from the time of his entering one of these first-class killing houses would require a book to itself; the performance has also been described often enough before, so I shall touch on it but very lightly. I must, however, observe, that what applies to the

rest of the world with regard to written descriptions does not apply to the United States. A description of three-fourths of the principal towns in England or the rest of Europe, written a hundred years ago, would be fairly accurate if reproduced tomorrow. In the States a similar account written only ten years ago would now be absolutely worthless and misleading; and similarly in their industries, improvements and inventions follow so fast, that writers can hardly keep pace with the rapidity of change so perpetually moving onward.

On arriving at the works, Mr. Talliafero most kindly offered to show us round himself; and saying, "I suppose you want to see the whole show from the beginning," we started for the killing house, where at that time hogs were being operated on. Although in this establishment they kill large numbers of cattle, their chief business is with hogs. At present, the weather being warm, they were only working at half capacity and were killing "only" fifteen hun-

dred a day. We commenced at where the hogs were being driven up a narrow passage to a huge revolving disc, some five and twenty feet in diameter, which seemed festooned with pigs, suspended by their heels and hanging head downwards. A man, armed with a long, thin, sharp knife, met them on the descending side, and with one quick, unerring thrust, severed the principal arteries, causing an almost immediate and painless death; he was working probably at the rate of about ten a minute. The hog, on being stuck, moved automatically, still hanging head downwards from the chain by which it was suspended, but which became detached from the wheel, and moving along a traveller some thirty or forty feet in length, was unhooked and plunged into a vat of boiling water, where it was kept turning about by machinery a few seconds, and then turned into a second vat, where revolving brushes removed nearly all the bristles, and in a few seconds deposited it on a slab, where a

couple of men armed with scrapers removed the few hairs that might have escaped the previous operation. The carcass was then passed on and subjected to a cold sprinkling, and then travelled further to a line of men who finished the cleaning. I think there were about five of them, each of whom performed some rapid movement with their knives, before the entire operation of cleansing was successfully completed.

The whole affair seemed to work automatically, and all the succeeding hands kept perfect time with the killer, so one can imagine at what a pace the hogs were being passed through. This was the first part of the performance, after which the carcasses were removed to the cooling room, where they are allowed to remain some hours before being again handled. The next process was the cutting up of the hogs who had been long enough in the cooling room to fit them for the operation. A powerful man, armed with a heavy scoop-shaped cleaver (he reminded me strongly

of a Chinese executioner I had once seen cutting off heads), stood by a wooden block, on which a couple of men arranged the pig's carcass. With a single blow he cut the animal in two above the hams, and with another he severed it below the shoulder.

From time to time he dipped his huge cleaver into a pail of boiling water to enable it to pass more readily through the half-frozen fat, etc., and as fast as the bodies could be placed before him, he continued severing them with rapid and unerring blows. They were then pushed on to other hands, who with equal dexterity formed hams, six so-called pieces of meat being cut out of each pig. There were the two regulation hams, the two shoulders, which were trimmed into ham shape, and then came two boneless pieces known in the trade as "breakfast hams," which had also the regulation form. The sides became bacon or pork as required, the scraps sausage meat, and every particle of the animal was utilized. We next went to

Mr. Cudahy's establishment, the largest in Omaha. Their full capacity for killing is 1,500 sheep, 5,000 hogs, and 2,500 cattle a day. Hutcheson had a letter of introduction, and the manager was most courteous and obliging; he sent one of the heads of department—an Englishman—who took us all over the establishment, and explained it all to us. The cattle were driven into pens where they were stunned, each animal, on receiving the blow, falling down an inclined plane to a platform, where he was hooked up by the heels and had his throat cut; after which he was passed on through various hands in a systematic manner, until what was left of it was ready for the cooling house.

I was much impressed and pleased with the government precautions in both these establishments, to secure that nothing but good, sound, healthy beasts should be dealt with; and similar means are adopted all over the States, wherever this industry may be pursued, to protect the public from

the slightest possibility of unsound meat being passed off on them, in any shape whatever. The first inspection by a government official takes place in the stock yards, while all the animals are alive, and every individual beast has to be passed sound before going to slaughter ; after killing and cleansing they have to undergo a second ordeal of inspection by another official ; and each carcass has to be examined and passed as being good, sound, wholesome food before it can be further dealt with in the many productions that grow out of it.

All the animals I saw dealt with were prime beasts, all of them fit for the London market—both cattle and hogs. As far, therefore, as the United States canned meats are concerned, the public are amply protected ; and the remark one frequently hears expressed, " Oh ! they can can up anything," most certainly does not apply to them. Cudahy's is an enormous and self-contained establishment. All their boxes—thousands of every size and form—are made

by machinery on the premises ; all their tin cans are cut, stamped, lithographed, and soldered under the same roof. I shall not attempt a description of all I saw, but it was most interesting and instructive, and I went away impressed with two important facts concerning the manufacture of the various products that they turn out—one, that nothing but the very finest meat was dealt with ; and the other, that the greatest regard was paid to the cleanliness observed in its manufacture. Every particle of the animals dealt with is utilized in some way or another, a list of which would about fill an entire page.

At Chicago an old saying is, "We get everything belonging to a pig except its squeak." Cudahy's determined to "go them" one better, and provided with a phonograph, one of the machines for registering sound, they got the squeak as well.



CHAPTER II.

Bannock Indian scare—Itinerary of tour—Fort Niobara—Inspection by the General—Sioux Indians on the Rosebud Reservation—Night attack by the Sioux—The Omaha dance—Fort Meade—Inspection and sham battle—"Hot springs" in South Dakota.



THE weather was very warm, 98° in the shade ; and a scare about the Bannock Indians being about to go on the war-path, caused the General to be pelted with telegrams, and made us all feel warmer. Fortunately it proved a complete fizzle, and ended in smoke ; but it might have upset his plans, though he was obliged to send an officer up to their reservation to find out where the smoke came from, and to report on it. However, everything came right in the end, and on the 2nd of July a party,

consisting of General Coppinger, Colonel Schwan (chief of his staff), Lieutenant Grote Hutcheson, aide-de-camp, and myself, left Omaha. Mr. Bidwell, the general superintendent of the Elk Horn R. R., gave the General his private car; and arrangements were made ahead for its being conveyed, shunted, picked up, and transferred to all the various lines of different roads we were about to run over. This kindness of Mr. Bidwell was fully appreciated by the General and all of us, and the obliging manner in which all the various officials of the different lines we travelled over facilitated our progress by every means in their power, without any charge, and at a considerable amount of trouble to themselves, speaks volumes for the high estimation they possess for their national army and the officers commanding it. The car, a little larger than an ordinary Pullman, was fitted up with a dining room, kitchen, lavatory, four bedrooms, and a large sitting room; with maps of the

ITINERARY.

From	To	Miles.	Route.	Remarks.
Omaha . . .	Valentine	306	Elk Horn	Side trip to Fort Niobara, four miles. Remained at post four days.
Valentine . .	Sturgis	270	"	Side trip to Fort Meade, two miles. Remained at post two days.
Sturgis . . .	Hot Springs	90	"	Remained at Hot Springs one night.
Hot Springs .	Edgemont	29	Burlington	Side trip to Custer battle-field, three miles.
Edgemont . .	Crow Agency . . .	297'4	"	
Crow Agency .	Grand Island . . .	674'2	"	
Grand Island .	Denver	416	Union Pacific	
Denver . . .	Fort D. A. Russell .	110	Denver, and Gulf	Remained at Russell two days.
Fort Russell .	Orin Junction . . .	151	"	
Orin Junction .	Fort Robinson . . .	97	Elk Horn	Remained at Robinson twelve days.
Fort Robinson .	Casper	164	"	
Casper . . .	Fort Washakie . . .	150	(Overland)	Government transportation.
		2,754'6.		

country, sofas, and armchairs. The windows had large single sheets of plate glass, which enabled us to have an uninterrupted view; and on a platform at the end we could place chairs and sit out whenever so disposed. Mr. Bidwell also provided us with an excellent coloured cook, William (he made the best corncakes I ever ate in my life), a well-stocked larder, and apparently tons of ice; and thus equipped we started off on what the General very happily designated "a yachting trip on wheels." Our car was always attached to the end of every train that picked us up, and was, to me at any rate, a complete revelation of what railway travelling could be really made. After a pleasant run through corn fields, all giving evidences of a prolific crop, and the cattle ranches of Nebraska, we arrived at 1 a.m. at Valentine. Here, without our slumbers being in the slightest way disturbed, we were shunted on to a siding, and slept peacefully until the next morning, when Colonel Andrews,

commanding at Fort Niobara, came down, with his team of thorough-breds and other transport for our effects, to convey us to the fort some three miles distant, which the General had come to inspect. Fort Niobara, a regimental post in Nebraska, with two battalions of the 12th Infantry quartered at it, is situated on a level prairie slightly rolling in the distance, and close to the junction of L'Eauquicourt and Minne-cadusa Rivers, the latter name signifying in Indian "the water that sings." The quarters, which are comfortable and commodious, are constructed of adobe (sun-dried bricks) and built in a parallelogram, a parade ground about three-quarters of a mile long, and lined with trees on each side, separating the men's from the officers' quarters. The General and self were put up in Dr. Fontelroy's house, where the doctor made us feel very much at home, and entertained us with the greatest hospitality. Shortly after our arrival the garrison was paraded, and the inspection, in

heavy marching order, commenced. The General was first saluted with thirteen guns, and after a "present arms" carried out the rest of the programme very much as we do ourselves. After the parade was dismissed and the men got into fatigue dress, I accompanied him round the barrack rooms, where by that time the different companies were having their dinner. The sleeping rooms were lofty, well ventilated, scrupulously clean, and exceedingly tidy. The kits were laid out for inspection, and in addition, each man had a good-sized wooden box for the rest of his belongings. Each company had its own mess room, quite separate from the sleeping quarters ; and as they were at dinner while we went round, we were able to criticise their menu ; —soup, beef, mutton, or chickens were on every table, with vegetables, cakes, and iced cream. In my nearly twenty years of barrack life I never saw men so well fed. The sanitary arrangements were perfect, and each company had some half-dozen

nicely appointed baths, and a barber's shop. The men were a fine, active, well-set-up lot of young fellows, mostly native born Americans, and most unquestionably their government and their officers take remarkably good care of them. I could not wish to live better myself.

After lunch I was given a mount to watch a regular field day, which was in every respect excellent, and in the evening Colonel Andrews gave a reception to welcome us. We had the regimental band, and all the ladies of the post were invited. One of the largest gatherings of Sioux Indians ever got together were at this time assembled at the Rosebud Agency, thirty-seven miles off in South Dakota; and next day, being provided with a tent, camp outfit, and a four-mule team, Hutcheson and myself started off in the afternoon to witness it. The agency and reservation is in South Dakota, and our trail lay along an undulating prairie with hardly any water in it. Owing to an unusual quantity of rain during

the spring of the year there was plenty of grass, but the absence of water for cattle renders it a poor piece of land for the Indians to whom it has been allotted, and I do not see how on it they can ever become self-supporting. At present they are being sustained by government rations. The sun beat down fiercely, and after a pretty hot drive which took the skin off our faces, and during which we only once struck water for our mules (and that at a dug well), we reached Rosebud, and were most hospitably received by Dr. McChesney, the agent, who insisted on our taking all our meals with him and his wife during our stay there. His house was full of guests come to witness the celebration, so he could not offer us beds; but we pitched our tent in his garden, and were very comfortable. The fun commenced next morning before day-break, with a sham attack on the agency by the Sioux. It was nearly dark—just starlight—when I was awakened from my sleep by gun shots and war whoops. The

Indians, in full war paint and feathers, advanced in skirmishing order to our camping ground, making the most fiendish noise possible, and then gradually retired, still firing, to their own tepis. I have been brought into contact with various tribes of Indians on different occasions during my life, but never heard the war whoop properly delivered by a large body of men in the dead stillness of night, with a running accompaniment of rifle fire, before, and the effect was certainly startling. Dr. McChesney had warned us as to what was coming, so we expected it, but the whole effect was decidedly weird. After breakfast we drove to the Indian encampment. Their tepis extended over about seven miles of ground, and the agent estimated their numbers as being between seven and eight thousand, all of them belonging to various tribes of the Sioux nation. A large Bowery had been constructed by the Rosebud Indians, the interior of which made a space about fifty yards in diameter, and this was the

great meeting ground of the tribes. Giving of presents seemed a principal feature. An Indian in war paint and feathers would lead a horse gaily caparisoned and painted, with probably some porcupine quill embroidery on its saddle cloth, into the centre of the inclosure; and then proceed to make a speech in Sioux as to his own merits and generosity, winding up with an announcement that out of the fullness and goodness of his heart he bestowed this most valuable and priceless charger on "The bird who whistles," or some such warrior; who in his turn would make another speech, indulging in much hyperbole, and expressing his everlasting gratitude at such unexpected generosity. The squaws also exchanged gifts.

The Corn dance (Hun a Kapi) and the White Buffalo dance (Tatanka Walowanpi) were performed, as well as various other games and sports, many of which we did not see; and then, all the principal chiefs and noted warriors formed up in line, and the leading men having been presented to

us by name by Dr. McChesney, after much hand shaking and "Hows," a grand procession was formed, and Hutcheson and self, falling in behind the agent's carriage, with our wagon, and all the Indians mounted behind us, we promenaded round the camp.

The Indians were in full panoply of feathers and war paint, and it certainly was as curious and interesting a performance as I ever took part in. As far as I could judge, the Indians were happy and contented and seemed attached to the agent. He has a troupe of mounted police recruited from the Sioux to keep order, and he spoke highly of their efficiency, and fidelity, and the perfect trust he had in them. They undoubtedly were a fine body of men, and looked soldierlike in their dark blue uniform, with well-carried rifles. In the evening we saw the celebrated Omaha dance performed in front of some of the tipis. This dance is, I believe, prohibited by the government as being of a stimulating and exciting nature, tending to revive their proclivity to

scalp; but on this occasion a special permission had been granted, so we were fortunate to be able to see it. When we got to the place it was going on at, we found about a dozen warriors sitting on their hams and smoking. They were dressed in different styles, but some were adorned with absolutely nothing but feathers and paint. Over their rumps they wore a curious combination of feathers, which, commencing with a large bunch at the back, descended to the ground like a bird's tail. A feather head-dress, as big as a Highlander's bonnet, and bunches of feathers tied round their legs completed the costume, and their bodies were stark naked and painted. The squaws, about five and twenty of them, sat in a group to applaud the performers; and music came from the tom-toms. At intervals the bucks would walk sedately into the ring, the tom-toms would strike up, and each performer, shouting his various warlike achievements at the top of his voice, one of the most grotesque and clever dances I

ever witnessed would take place. The exercise was so violent, and the body contortions so severe, the dance seldom lasted more than five minutes. They would then squat down in a circle and smoke, while one of their number would walk about outside it and make a speech, frequently giving an account of some deed of bravery he had performed in bygone days. At each point he made in his speech the tom-tom would give a couple of taps, as much as to say "hear, hear," to emphasize it; after which he would join the smokers, and then in three or four minutes they would all get up and go through the dance again.

This sort of thing lasted all night, dances and speeches alternating, until the small hours of the morning. Next day we returned, and getting back in time to witness a capital game of baseball between the regimental team of the 12th and the civilians, in which the soldiers were victorious; we had our dinner, returned quietly back to our car, and after a pipe and a chat

went to bed, and found ourselves next morning at Sturgis, some two hundred and fifty miles from Niobara, without even our slumbers having been broken. A train, already detailed, had come by during the night, and having coupled us on very quietly, we found ourselves at our destination and side-tracked until we wanted to move again, without our knowing a thing about it, except that it had been accomplished. After breakfast Major Carr (commanding at Fort Meade) arrived to take us there, and very kindly put the General and myself up in his quarters. Fort Meade is built on lines very similar to Fort Niobara, but is much more beautifully situated. It lies almost in an amphitheatre, admirably adapted for cavalry manœuvres, and is surrounded by mountains or butes on every side. After a full dress parade and inspection, the mule train was turned out, and the wagon and ambulance corps put through a series of movements on the line of march—going into lager and various

other formations—all of which were executed with promptitude and precision. The regiment afterwards turned out mounted, and in fatigue dress. Some of the troops were ordered to unsaddle, and then commenced a series of every kind of circus feat conceivable, bare backed. Vaulting on and off, from left and right side alternately, at the trot and gallop; jumping over their horses; picking their hats from off the ground while mounted; taking up and saving wounded men; and all sorts of other feats, too numerous to mention. Others of the troops moved out in skirmishing order, and by word of command threw all their horses, and fired over their backs from the cover thus afforded. It was by no manner of means a display by picked men. The order was given to any individual troop quite indiscriminately, and the *entire regiment* performed everything required of them, as well as I have ever seen the same things done at the Agricultural Hall Military Tournaments, by the picked

men of our own army. It was a very excellent and most interesting display, and it would be hard to find in *any* service a finer set of young fellows, or men more thoroughly at home with their horses than the 12th Cavalry. I've not seen them at any rate; and besides what I know of our own cavalry, I was out with twenty thousand German troops in the Black Forest, about fifteen thousand of whom were mounted. In the evening the officers gave a reception to the General, which was attended by all the ladies of the post, and the next morning we had a regular field day and sham battle. From the nature of the ground and the beauty of its surroundings, it was quite the most picturesque and interesting field day I have ever yet seen. The plan of attack was well calculated to display every trait of the mounted soldier in Indian warfare—the movements extended over six or seven miles of country, and all combined to give one a most instructive and enjoyable day.

On the 8th of July we returned to our

"wheeled yacht," Major Carr, who had entertained us most hospitably, coming to see us off; and again being picked up, we were landed in a short time, and shunted on to a side track at Hot Springs, in the State of South Dakota. We arrived there after dark, but Hutcheson had wired ahead for them to keep the bath room open, and on getting there we found it lighted up by electricity, and ready for us. The bath room was about a hundred yards by thirty, and the water marvellously clear and transparent—temperature 90°. We were soon swimming about in it. I found the water nearly as buoyant as that of the sea, and bubbling up from springs all over the bath. The outflow was very considerable, and from the peculiar circumstance of the supply entirely coming from the bottom of the bath, it would be difficult to find a similar sheet of water so perfectly free from all impurities. A toboggan slide was fixed up over the deepest portion (about seven feet), an excellent construction for a header,

and great fun. It would be very popular if adopted in our own bathing places, and would soon form a good "draw." Having had a delightful swim, we returned to our car, and were hauled to Edgemont, which we left next morning at 8 a.m., *en route* to the Crow Indian Agency and Custer's battle-field.



CHAPTER III.

The Crow Indian Reservation—My narrow escape from being killed with General Custer in 1876—Custer's battle-field—Denver—Fort Russell—Treatment of U.S. soldiers—Fort Robinson—A Crow Indian legend—9th Cavalry inspection—Cattle "Rustler" shot—Rattlesnakes—Independence Rock—Wind River Mountains.



WE now passed through a country of rolling prairie and sage brush, not particularly inviting. It looked dry and arid and certainly not picturesque, until we got to Sheridan, where we sighted the snow-capped Big Horn Mountains, and where the character of the country rapidly changed for the better. We then travelled through a fine country watered by the Big Horn River, fully stocked with cattle, and

eventually got into the lands of the Crow Indian Reservation. These were the first Indians I had met who showed any signs of having adopted the white men's civilization, and it was extremely interesting to pass through their country. I was surprised to see how far they had advanced in it.

A considerable amount of land lying along our track had been brought into cultivation, large irrigation drains had been opened, and I saw excellent fields of corn, alfalfa, and hay. Many of them have comfortable looking wooden houses on their farms, and though the tepis were by no means abandoned, plenty of houses gave evidence of considerable strides in the right direction, which must lead eventually to citizenship. The government provides them with schools, which I hear are well attended by the young children, nearly all of whom can now speak English, and whom their teachers speak of as being bright and intelligent. We arrived at Crow Agency station in the evening, and

having been shunted on to a crossing, made arrangements for visiting Custer's battle-field in Montana the following day.

This part of our trip had been planned out by General Coppinger for my special benefit, and requires some little explanation.

At the beginning of 1876 I had met General Custer very frequently in New York, and a similarity of tastes, both of us being keen sportsmen, soon ripened mere acquaintance into friendship, and poor Custer invited me to go with him for some hunting, on an expedition he shortly expected to make into the Sioux country. At the time he certainly apprehended nothing very serious in the way of fighting, but said we might possibly have some slight "titt up," which he supposed I would not mind. The prospects of sport being so inviting, I accepted his invitation, and agreed to go; and this being settled, he began to sketch out my route for joining him. "I do not know yet the exact time

I shall be ordered to start," he said, "but you had better get all your hunting kit together, and pack up what you intend bringing with you, so that on getting my wire you will have nothing to delay you, and can jump on board the train at once, and come right away to join the command." I did what he directed, and packed all my things up, so that I could have started in ten minutes after getting his wire.

How he was deprived of his command is a matter of history, as well as how he was eventually permitted to go in command of his own regiment, the 7th Cavalry.

I wrote to General Sheridan, whom I knew, telling him that Custer had asked me to join him, and stating I was anxious to do so ; but his answer was that General Custer had already started, that he could not give me an escort, and that it was dangerous to travel without one, so very reluctantly I returned to England. On the ship touching at Queenstown the first news that came on board was, that Custer and

every living soul with him had been killed on the very battle ground we were now about to visit. General Coppinger, knowing how narrow my escape had been of leaving my bones with poor Custer and his men, had very kindly taken in the battlefield as part of his route.

On arriving at Crow Agency, Hutcheson telegraphed to Mr. Campbell, the scout who buried the dead bodies a few days after the fight, and "White Swan," a Crow scout of Major Reno's who had been "held up" by the Sioux some little distance away to join us; and next morning we all drove off to the field, which was some three miles distant from the agency.

The whole scene of the battle had been inclosed by a fence, and on the most rising point of the ground a plain monument, with the names of those who fell inscribed on it, has been erected. The entire space is dotted with small white marble stones, marking the exact position where each officer and man was found dead, and as

Mr. Campbell had put every one of them up himself, he was able to describe accurately how he found the bodies, and gave us a general indication of what might have taken place. It was all open rolling prairie intersected by gullies, and so placed and so deep that a troop, though only a few yards away (not above a hundred) would be quite hidden from the troop fighting in the gully next them.

From the position of the stones marking the dead bodies, it is quite evident that the different troops must have separated; and the same ominous landmarks showed that they must have been fighting towards the highest point on the ground where the last stand was made, and where Custer fell. As not a living creature got out to tell the tale, all that happened must be mere surmise, but the scene had a fascination for me not easily described, and was on every account most interesting.

The marble cross erected to Custer had been chipped to pieces by relic hunters,

and Mr. Campbell had been obliged to replace it by a wooden one, which can be replaced from time to time as it becomes whittled away.

On it was inscribed :

June 25th, 1876.



Here fell Custer.

We left about noon, and arrived next morning at Grand Island, Nebraska. We only remained here a few hours, just long enough to get a general idea of the place, and notice how it had grown and improved from what I remembered of it twenty years ago, when I had been hunting on the forks of the Loup, and had struck in from what it then was, a very primitive little frontier village.

On July 12th we arrived at Denver, Colorado, General Coppinger having come here to pay a visit to his old friend, General Otis, who was commanding the department. General Otis having taken us to

pay our respects to the governor of the State, next drove us round the principal streets, through the fashionable private residences, and by the most prominent of the public buildings. I once stayed at Denver for a couple of months about ten years ago; I now could simply not recognize a single stone of it, the place had so grown and improved. The surrounding lovely mountains were naturally in their old places, but everything else had changed. An exceedingly handsome edifice with a large cupola, approached by a broad flight of steps, was the State capital. They had a very fine court-house, and either building would have been an ornament to any European capital city. The private residences were many of them exceedingly well constructed and of considerable architectural beauty, hardly any of them being built alike. They were in all cases surrounded by a well-kept lawn, and the streets facing them were avenued by trees. The Brown Palace Hotel was as large as

most of our biggest in London, and got up with a magnificence of adornment in the interior superior to any of them. In fact, Denver, from the unpretentious business town I remembered, had become a very handsome, well-built city.

General Otis entertained us with great hospitality and kindness, and after an excursion with Hutcheson to one of the numerous public parks in the evening, where we heard some remarkable, and not very "high toned" music, and saw the largest crowd of bicycles I ever saw got together, we went on board our "wheeled yacht," and awoke next morning at Cheyenne in Wyoming, where the General had to inspect Fort Russell, about three miles from it. On arriving at Russell our car was shunted on to a siding close to the men's quarters, and Colonel Van Horne, commanding the post, and the 8th regiment of infantry, with his adjutant, Lieutenant Slocum, having come on board to welcome us, we shortly afterwards disembarked, and

the inspection commenced, preceded by the usual thirteen guns.

I went with the General round the men's rooms while they were being inspected during the dinner hour, and was again struck with the comparative luxury of the men's feeding. In all the posts we visited the same high class of messing was maintained—excellent meat and poultry, and generally cakes, puddings, and iced cream. The sanitary arrangements were somewhat newer than at the other posts, and a trifle more elaborate, the lavatories being constructed of white marble. Each company had about six baths, with hot and cold water laid on to each of them—mess room distinct from the sleeping apartments, and a reading and billiard room for each company.

The quartermaster's department seemed to be provided with every article under the sun, and the canteen was in its way as completely furnished. In the evening Colonel and Mrs. Van Horne gave a musical recep-

tion, largely attended by all the ladies on the post, as well as by the governor of the State, and a very considerable contingent from Cheyenne, and we had a very pleasant party. Colonel and Mrs. Randall, very old friends of the General, made us feel very much at home and comfortable in their quarters, and all the officers on the post and their wives vied with each other in making our visit a pleasant one, an endeavour in which they amply succeeded. Next day Mrs. Randall drove me into Cheyenne, where I called on State Governor Evans and Senator Carey.

The town had improved from what I first remember of it with regard to its buildings, but the liveliness that had characterized it in the old days of cow punching prosperity had quite disappeared, and a very settled grave sobriety taken its place. On the 15th of July we left Fort Russell in Cheyenne for Fort Robinson in Nebraska, passing through a country of many ranches and a good deal of sage

brush, Colonel Randall coming with us as far as Orin Junction. Our journey here was the warmest we had experienced since leaving Omaha, the thermometer in our car at one time reaching 92°. The air was, however, crisp and dry, nothing like the oppressive atmosphere of Omaha, and we really did not mind it. We passed through the cañon of the Platte—a fine gorge, worn by the muddy river of that name through the mountains—and on emerging from it struck some of the finest ranches we had yet seen.

These ranches rejoiced in an abundance of water, and were well stocked with a high grade class of cattle and many droves of horses. In the evening we arrived at Fort Robinson, Nebraska; and as the General intended remaining there some little time, having not only to inspect, but also to make arrangements for a hunting expedition through the Wind River Mountains, we said farewell to "our yacht on wheels," on board which we had travelled some

2,600 miles, with the very greatest ease and comfort.

Fort Robinson, commanded by Colonel Perry of the 9th Cavalry, whose regiment garrisoned the post, is a very delightful quarter. Built on lines very similar to the posts we had already visited, it is beautifully situated in an amphitheatre of the Pine Range ridge of mountains.

A fine stretch of grass parade, three-quarters of a mile long, separates the officers' and men's quarters; and a wooden pavement, shaded by cotton-wood trees, runs completely round the parallelogram. Streams of clear running water dash alongside these paths, and materially assist in irrigating the grass plots in front of each quarter, keeping them a bright green, as well as stimulating the growth of the trees, which were the best specimens of any we had yet seen on the posts. In rear of the officers' quarters run a high picturesque range of curious castellated buttes, forming an excellent natural buttress to the rifle

range. To the east lies another curious formation, called Crows' Nest Bute, the name of which furnishes a legend.

In the old times, when the Sioux and Crow Indians were perpetually at war, a party of the former outnumbered and defeated a considerable body of the Crows, who fled on to the bute now bearing the name of "Crows' Nest." It was a sandstone formation, standing out from the range, only accessible by a narrow path on one of its sides, the remaining ones being sheer perpendicular cliffs, nearly two hundred feet high, and utterly inaccessible. The Sioux naturally concluded they had their enemies in the hollow of their hands, and setting a strong party of braves to guard the entrance by which the Crow warriors had retreated, they quietly sat down before the stronghold to wait until starvation should either work its inevitable end, or compel the besieged to surrender. Necessity is the mother of invention, and it now came to the rescue. The Crows killed their ponies,

made a long rope out of their skins, and, selecting the most perpendicular part of the butte, which, being so precipitous, their enemies had never thought of guarding, quietly slid down it some dark night, and got away. One old man, whose fighting days were nearly over, they left behind to tend their fires, thus leading the Sioux to believe they held them still prisoners, and delaying pursuit. Days elapsed, and at last some of the most daring of the braves ventured up the guarded path. Their progress was unmolested. They found one old man tending the fires, but the Crows had fled.

The 9th Cavalry is one of the U.S. coloured regiments, and I was curious during the inspection to see how it compared with the cavalry regiment I had seen reviewed at Fort Meade. There really was very little difference between them. Their marches past were steady, and a very trying charge, uphill and towards the stables, was executed in a manner creditable to any

regiment in the service. The gymnastic feats unsaddled, such as mounting and dismounting, etc., etc., were all well done, and the horses of each troop were easily thrown for their riders to fire over when out in line of skirmishers. The men were well-set-up and soldierly in their appearance, and the regiment was certainly one that reflected credit on the officers, and one that any man might feel proud of commanding or belonging to. We spent eleven very pleasant days here—dances, dinners, concerts and receptions, and swimming parties, making the time pass only too quickly. The last were great fun. A couple of four-horse wagons would drive nearly every afternoon round the officers' quarters, and pick up all the ladies and gentlemen that wished to go. The bathing place was in a pond about two miles from the post, where a couple of tents were erected for dressing, one for each sex. We had capital swimming, and it was very enjoyable. Lieutenant Perry, the General's other aide-de-

camp, with Messrs. Robert and William Emmet (the former an old 9th Cavalry officer) joined us on the 24th for our hunting trip; and as Lieutenant Hutcheson, whom we were all exceedingly sorry to lose, had to return to Omaha to take charge of a yearly competition at rifle firing, Lieutenant Perry took charge. Hutcheson had managed everything for us since leaving Omaha. He had to arrange all the numerous changes and haulings along all the different lines of railroads we travelled, and not once during our journey of over 2,600 miles had the slightest hitch occurred, or even a three minutes' delay at any of our connections. In fact, he arranged everything; and the comfort and success of our journey was in a very great measure owing to his unfailing good humour, energy, and thoughtfulness. His going back to headquarters could not possibly be helped; but the General, and all of us, were very sorry when he had to say "Good-bye."

We had been so long at Robinson, and

everyone had been so kind and hospitable, and we had enjoyed ourselves so thoroughly, that it would have been strange had we not parted from our friends there with very considerable regret.

On the 27th of July we left Fort Robinson for Caspar. The line runs north of the Laramie range of mountains and Laramie Peak, an old hunting ground of mine some two and twenty years ago, when game was a good deal more plentiful than it is now. On reaching Caspar we found the town in a high state of excitement over a recent shooting, a Mr. De Vigne having killed a "Rustler," who had fired at him. A very bad feeling exists between the large ranche men who own several thousand head of cattle, and the small men who perhaps own a couple of dozen. This inequality with regard to numbers the latter endeavour to equalize by the simple expedient of running off, and altering the brands, on cattle belonging to the big men; and the men engaged in this pursuit are termed "Rustlers."

A couple of years ago this rustling was carried on to such an extent, that the ranche men formed themselves into an armed force and started off to clear their enemies out. The Rustlers, however, mustered stronger, and had it not been for a command of U.S. soldiers, who made the ranche men prisoners for their own safety, they would have suffered badly.

A considerable amount of rustling is going on now ; and as these men are numerous, well organized, and utterly unscrupulous, there is likely to be a good deal of trouble.

At Carson we left the railroads for good and started on our march to Fort Washakie, one hundred and eighty miles distant. Our outfit consisted of one hunting wagon, two escort wagons, all with excellent four-mule teams and good drivers ; an escort of twelve mounted troopers ; our individual riding horses ; and Little Bat, hunter and post scout. Mr. William Emmet, who had joined us at Fort Robinson, also came with us as far as Washakie.

The first day we had a short march, and camped at Bessemer, on Poison Spider Creek, a small stream that runs into the North Platte. Our next march lay through an arid, sage brush covered country, the Hay Stack, and Caspar range of mountains, showing to the south of us. We shot a quantity of sage grouse, and I killed a good-sized rattlesnake with my walking stick. He was coiled up in some sage brush, and had his rattle playing like a band of music when I approached him, rearing up his head and looking very angry. W. Emmet shot another the same day, so I fancy there are a good many of them, as these we found just alongside the trail.

Our next march lay through a succession of amphitheatres, surrounded by ranges of mountains without a particle of verdure or growth on them ; in fact, as well as name, " Rocky Mountains." We struck the Sweet-water River, with the Seminole Mountains and Macdonald's Peak to the south, and Rattlesnake Range to the north, and after

passing several soda springs, camped under Independence Rock on the Sweetwater.

Independence Rock is a singular granite formation rising out of a level plain. It is about a mile in circumference and some one hundred and eighty feet high. General Fremont camped here on the 4th of July, 1848, and meeting a train of emigrants on their way to California, made them a speech, and named the rock Independence in honour of the day.

Leaving Independence Rock, we followed the course of Sweetwater River; Granite and Rattlesnake ranges to the north, Seminole and Green Mountains to the south. We passed a curious cañon where the Sweetwater runs through a solid rock. With very little trouble it might be dammed up, and would then form a reservoir from which twenty miles of country could be irrigated. It is astonishing what a wonderful effect water has on the dry, arid, and apparently worthless soil that abounds in these regions. No enchantress's wand could work a more

marvellous change than that produced by irrigation, and magnificent crops soon take the place of sage brush.

We were here quite in the heart of the Rockies, being only fourteen miles from the Divide, where on one side the waters run into the Atlantic, and on the other into the Pacific Ocean. The prevailing features of the country were chiefly a succession of amphitheatres of level land, varying in extent, and surrounded by mountain ranges, varying in height ; but nearly all of them composed of bare rocks piled one above the other, and mostly granite. We pottered quietly along killing sage grouse, the young birds being excellent eating, and on the 2nd of August sighted the Wind River Mountains, the highest peaks of which were tipped with snow, and soon after arrived at Beaver Hill.

The view from Beaver Hill is one of the most magnificent conceivable. From a height of some 1,200 feet you look down on an immense undulating country extend-

ing as far as the eye can reach, until it becomes merged in the Wind River Mountains, towering up into the sky, and tipped with snow. Beaver Hill Pass is about as bad as they make them, the descent in 1,200 feet being very rapid. No end of a lot of accidents happen here every year, and a freight train of three wagons laden with stores for Washakie, which we had passed on the way up, went over and was smashed to pieces, the day after we had gone through.

We camped at Healy's ranche by a small stream where they were busy dipping 3,500 sheep in one lot, and 2,000 in another. The odour of sheep quite tainted the atmosphere, and we were glad to get away from it next day. Our route lay at the base of the foothills of the Wind River Mountains, of which we got a succession of grand views, until we came to the flourishing little town of Lander.



CHAPTER IV.

Lander—White fish—Sulphur spring—Fort Washakie
—Indian progress towards civilization—Medicine
men—An Arapahoe clergyman—Trout fishing on
the north fork of Little Wind River—A cold bath
—Frontier lawlessness, and a man shot.



THE land in the vicinity of Lander is bountifully irrigated and looks most fertile, and in the town are good stone buildings, a bank, and a hotel. We camped at Millford, on the River Popoagie, and a few minutes after the tents were pitched we came in for a sample of the way rain can come down on the Rockies.

Except in the tropics I have seldom seen a straighter shower. However, it cleared up in a few hours, and we got out our rods and killed some trout, and what

they called white fish. The latter were something like grayling, minus the latter's large dorsal fin, and they rose to a fly freely. They were quite distinct from the white fish one so often gets East at *table d'hôte* dinners, and of which they catch large quantities on Lake Manitoba. They were much more bony, and not half so good a fish, and I never heard of the latter taking a fly. I was camped once on Lake Manitoba, and close to us some Habitans were camped also, for catching white fish. They brought them in to us just out of the nets, as one might say almost alive, and a better fish I never ate in my life. I could certainly never have recognized it as the fish of the same name I had seen served at Eastern hotels.

Our next day's march continued along the foothills, and much of the scenery bore the same character as Bierstadt's celebrated picture, "The Wind River Mountains." We had a fine view of the Big Horn Mountains, some one hundred miles to our

north-east, thus getting some idea of the vastness of the Rocky Mountains range; and soon after arrived at the Shoshone Indian Reservation, where there is a considerable agency with a large school-house for the Indian children attached to it.

A mile from the school-house there was a large sulphur spring of about the hottest water I ever got into, and into it we all plunged for a boiling. The registered heat ran from 97° to 113° Fahr. After our bath we continued our march into Fort Washakie, which was only a couple of miles off, arriving there on the 4th of August, after a most enjoyable and pleasant march of eight days. We had always our shot guns in the hunting wagon, and not a day passed without our getting good sport with the sage grouse, which in some places were very numerous. The scenery was beautiful, weather fine, commissariat A 1, and bottled beer and ice all the way; in fact, we had everything possible to

make the trip pleasant, and nothing could have been more successful in every way. Fort Washakie, called after the famous Shoshone chief of that name, is a small but very comfortable two troop post in the Indian reservation, commanded by Major Loud, of the 9th Cavalry. An empty house with bedding was allotted to us; and forming a little mess of our own, we amused ourselves fishing and getting ready for our hunting trip later on. A good-sized mountain river of clear, cold water, in fact, quite an ideal trout stream, runs through the post within one hundred yards of the officers' quarters; and within one mile various baskets of trout, running from three to six dozen, were brought in almost every day during our stay here. The trout ran from herring size up to 3 lb. Major Loud, however, told me that the men frequently killed them much larger. Half-a-dozen other trout streams are within easy riding distance, and in some of them the fish run still larger. It would be difficult

to find a military post with better trout fishing than at Washakie.

I was much interested in the Arapahoe and Shoshone Indian Agency, the school-houses of which are about a mile and a half from the post. The Rev. Mr. Roberts, who has been on the reservation fifteen years, and who speaks Shoshone fluently, told me that he had observed a marked change in the civilizing progress made by these Indians during the last two years, and that the labour of the previous thirteen was at last bearing fruit. This is most gratifying. To go into the Indian question now would be tedious. It is a subject that cannot be handled amid the disconnected notes of a hunting trip, but I would remark on how much I was struck by the chivalrous and kind way I have always found every officer in the U.S. army, from general to lieutenant, speak on the matter ; and how utterly unbiassed and just they were in their criticisms as to the primary causes of nearly all the Indian

fight they had so frequently been engaged in. All these men I now allude to had been engaged in Indian warfare, and all had witnessed the fearful atrocities committed during such periods by the Indians. Most of them had lost personal friends in the engagements, but all unhesitatingly admitted that in almost every case the fighting had been brought about through some unprovoked outrage on the part of white men. The U.S. officers on the frontier are the men who have suffered most during these outbreaks, and the men who may suffer again ; but it is the U.S. officers who are the Indians' best friends, and the U.S. government would act wisely if they placed the entire control of what are left of them in their hands ; that is to say, if they wish the tribes to be treated with honesty and justice. Civilization is, of course, the great panacea, and I was delighted to find it making such progress here.

The reservation is abundantly watered,

and I noticed that a very considerable amount of well-directed labour has been employed in utilizing this supply. Very large irrigating ditches had been constructed over a considerable portion of the ground, many acres of which were under cultivation—oats, maize, hay, and alfalfa were the chief crops; last year the Indians sold 100,000 lb. of oats. I was told that their output for this year would be almost double.

They make a considerable amount in ready cash, by cutting and carting from the neighbouring mountains firewood for the post; and in every way they are encouraged, by having everything they can produce bought from them at a remunerative price, to become producers. It is impossible for anyone with the smallest particle of sentiment, who has in any way been brought into contact with these people, not to become interested in the aboriginal inhabitants of a continent that geologists tell us is of a much older primary formation

than our own. To such it will be gratifying to learn that, as the Arapahoe and Shoshone Indians are at present progressing, they have every prospect before them of eventually obtaining full rights of citizenship, and prolonging their existence as a race indefinitely.

Their medicine men, knowing that their own *raison d'être* depends on the ignorance of their supporters, naturally oppose all progress. They are, from a certain standpoint, clever scoundrels. The Rev. Mr. Roberts asked one of them how he became medicine man, and who made him such. He answered, "God," and described the process. "One day," he said, "I was travelling through the forests, and, becoming weary, sat down on a fallen tree to rest and think. After thinking some time, I looked up, and saw an enormous bear approaching. I remained perfectly motionless, hoping to escape observation; but the bear came steadily on until within six feet, when he sat down, and steadily gazed at

me. A badger then came up, and sitting alongside the bear, he gazed likewise ; then an eagle, dropping from the sky, sat by the bear and the badger, and they all gazed. The bear then, taking a claw off his foot, gave it me, saying, 'Take this, my claw, and by it thou shalt know of all things on the earth.' The badger then, taking off his foot, gave it me, saying, 'Take this, my foot, and by it thou shalt know of all things under the earth.' The eagle, lastly, taking from his beak his tongue, gave it me, saying, 'Take this, my tongue, and by it thou shalt know of all things in the heavens.' Then they all went away. By these tokens I know myself to be medicine man, and behold I wear them round my neck."

The clergyman then looked steadily at him, and said, "To me thou hast lied, and it may be a little matter ; but thou hast lied also about God. Were I in your place I should be afraid." And the Indian looked troubled, and he went away. Some time afterwards

he met Mr. Roberts, and came to him, and said, "I am sorry I lied, and I hope God will not take me this time."

Washakie, chief of the Shoshones, and after whom the post and reservation is named, is an extremely interesting personage. He came up to pay his respects to General Coppinger, who in due course presented me, and we "How'd" and shook hands. Washakie is now a very old man. Judging from the various events in which he took an active part, people here best competent to judge set him down as being little short of a hundred years old. He used crutches, and had to be assisted on and off his pony. His long white hair hung down his back, and his strongly-marked Indian features, while giving evidence of strength of mind and fixity of purpose, had none of that bad, cruel look which characterized nearly all the Sioux chiefs that I had shaken hands and "How'd" with at the Rosebud Agency, where at least thirty of them had been introduced to me

by name. During all his long life Washakie has been a steadfast friend to the white man, and many an outbreak has been prevented by his benign influence. He was in his day a noted warrior, and has performed many feats of personal bravery in battle. All the officers and white inhabitants about here have a respect for old Washakie, and many of them spoke of him in tones of genuine affection. As at Rosebud on the Sioux reservation, so have they here a company of mounted police recruited from the Shoshones; and Captain Wilson, the agent, gave the force under his command an excellent character. "Some of them are better than others," he said, "but any one of them would bring me in a man's head if I ordered him to get it."

On Sunday I attended their Protestant service. The singing was excellent, and I heard an admirable sermon preached by a full-blooded Arapahoe Indian, by name the Rev. Mr. Colidge. This statement may require some little explanation.

In one of the Indian engagements—against the Arapahoes this time—Captain Colidge, of the U.S. army, was actively engaged. After the fight he found a little papoose by the bodies of his dead parents, both of whom had been killed. The rest of the tribe had fled, leaving the little baby boy behind them. The kind-hearted captain, moved by its helpless condition, took charge of it. Years went by, and the child became old enough to accompany his protector on his marches and scouts, and wound himself so round his heart that he regularly adopted and had him christened by his own name. When old enough, he sent him to college, where he took a good degree, and eventually became a clergyman. His sermon was certainly that of a highly-cultured, well-educated gentleman; and as there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it, it shows what material there must be among his tribe, if the U.S. government will only realize what they alone have the power to deal with.

The schools were unfortunately all closed during the time I was at Washakie, it being the children's vacation ; but from the inquiries I made as to their condition, they appear to be well conducted. The report I got as to the intelligence and progress made by the pupils convinced me that the teachers had excellent material to deal with, and I regret I was unable to see the manner in which it was conducted. This plan for educating the Indian children was advocated by me in a book I wrote and published, " The Two Americas," twenty-two years ago, a time at which there was not such a thing in existence as an Indian school-house in the United States.

The Arapahoe Indian Reservation is about twenty miles from Washakie, and further down the Little Wind River, but laying in the same valley as that of the Shoshone, in fact, a prolongation of it. " Sharp Nose," their war chief, a distinguished fighter, who had accompanied General Crook on many of his expeditions,

called on General Coppinger, and of course we "How'd" and shook hands. He was a pleasant-faced, intelligent looking man, and I conversed with him some time through an interpreter. He described how the crops were getting on at his reservation, and how the Indians had been carting large quantities of firewood for the post. He told me the price they were getting for it, and the various other articles they produced; and really seemed as well up to his business as any average agriculturist might be that one came across. I noticed that he, like the Shoshone chief, Washakie, had none of the cruel look in his countenance so prominently displayed by the Sioux chiefs I had seen on their reservation at Rosebud.

On the 10th of August I camped on the north fork of Little Wind River with the Emmets, for a few days' trout fishing. Our tents were pitched at the entrance of a picturesque gorge; a rocky, rugged, granite, wooded precipice, some six hundred feet high forming one of its sides, and a

more sloping declivity of red sandstone, the other. Away up, as far as the eye could reach, until it touched the snow, lay an endless tangle of mountain ridges, some bare and others wooded; while the distant sky line was serrated and jagged into every conceivable shape and form. Our camp was on a perfectly level grassy sward about thirty yards from the river, and its clear transparent water, dashing over the paving of round boulders that formed its bottom, made a music that, of all others, best forms a fisherman's lullaby. It was a well selected and charming spot. The river was full of fish, running from herring size to $3\frac{1}{2}$ lb., and we caught any amount of them; but, owing to willow boughs which overhung the banks, the water could not be fished without wading—and the wading very much took the gilt off the gingerbread. In my long and varied experience as a fisherman I never saw anything like it. The stream, as may easily be imagined in one so high above sea level, was extremely rapid, and

entirely paved with almost mathematically round, greasy stones, varying in size from one to three feet in diameter. They were all more or less movable when trod on, and the way we all slipped and slithered about on them was a caution. Every day one of us got a ducking.

On making a short cut one day back to camp, Bob Emmet had a close shave from being bitten by a rattlesnake. He was walking unconcernedly through some sage brush, when he heard the warning rattle sound at his feet, and on looking down saw a large snake with its head up and ready for action, within half striking distance of him. An electrified sort of bound put him out of reach, and getting a stick he despatched the enemy, but all day long, and well into his slumbers, that deadly music sounded in his ears, and he certainly had a providential escape.

On breaking camp I set off to walk back over the mountains by myself to Fort Washakie, which was some fourteen miles

distant. We had come in wagons along a rough trail on the north side of the river, so I struck back on a more direct line on the south. By keeping on the high ridges I slightly extended my walk, but got some magnificent views of the surrounding country, which in places extended to the Big Horn Mountains. I sauntered along, hunting for rattlesnakes, and taking in all the grandeur of my surroundings; occasionally stopping to watch the curious antics and chattering of the four-footed denizens of a prairie dog town, and the odd-looking little prairie owl that resides with them; and at others to watch some belated coyote, as he trotted home after some nocturnal expedition to the plains, looking about as mean, sneaking, and dissipated a quadruped as one could possibly imagine.

On nearing the post I found myself obliged to ford the south fork of the Wind River to get to it, so taking off my nether garments, I started in to wade. At first I progressed comfortably enough, the bottom

being nice and gravelly ; but on reaching the centre and deepest part of the river, the going changed into the same kind of round, green, mossy, movable boulders, that had proved so formidable on the north fork. The ending was inevitable, and in a minute I was floundering at the bottom, and had to swim and scramble through the best way I could, coming out on the other side like a drowned rat, and with my right hand sprained badly.

A very sad occurrence took place the day after I reached the post. The men had received their pay (troopers of the 9th Cavalry), and a certain number of them sat down to play *monté*. In the course of the game a dispute arose between a Corporal Johnson and Private Pawley, about some trifling stake (not more than one shilling), and after some words the corporal drew a revolver and shot Pawley, and on the second day after the shooting the poor fellow died. It was a cowardly, cold-blooded action, as the other man was unarmed ; but is in a

certain measure accounted for by the deplorable habit people have on the frontier towns, which merely border on civilization, of habitually carrying about on them loaded pistols. The force of example counts for much, and the general lawlessness of this locality makes a mere shooting a very commonplace occurrence.

The nearest railway stations, Rawlins and Caspar, are one hundred and forty-seven and one hundred and eighty miles off, respectively ; and during our short visit at Washakie the mails running between these places were "held up" no less than three times.

To the uninitiated in Western slang I may as well explain that "holding up" signifies the action of a person's hands held in that position while threatened with a loaded rifle or pistol, the possessor of which empties his victim's wagon or pockets, as the case may be, while his hands are held aloft in such a position as to effectually prevent any retaliation. Horse and cattle

thieves, commonly called "Rustlers," abound in this locality; and Jackson's Hole, which not long ago was a sort of "no man's land," is, by all accounts, full of them. The Hole in the Wall, about eighty miles due north of Caspar, is another place where Rustlers muster strong, and anyone in search of excitement might find his craving gratified if he visited either locality on a particularly good horse, or with an attractive looking bunch of cattle. "The Hole" is, however, fast losing its shady reputation, and many most respectable men have excellent, well-stocked ranches there.



CHAPTER V.

Leave Fort Washakie—March up the Wind River—Buffalo birds—American driving—Cross the Continental Divide—Cañon of the Green River—Hundreds of shed antlers of elk—Trout fishing on the Grosventre River—Settlers jealous of Indians hunting—The Tetons—Autumn tints on the Rockies.



ON Thursday, August 19th, we left Fort Washakie. Being now bound direct for our hunting grounds, far up in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, necessitated a change of transport, and pack mules were required to supplement our wagons. The new outfit consisted of Tigee and Two'-gwo'teé, two Shoshone Indians, both of them good hunters, particularly Tigee, who has the reputation of being the best in his tribe; Baptiste Garnier, hunter and scout,

better known as "Little Bat," who came with us from Fort Robinson, a noted hunter and scout, with a long and favourable record in both capacities; one hunting break with a four-mule team; two escort wagons, with four-mule teams; twenty-two pack mules, with Jack Macfarlane packmaster; twenty troopers of the 9th Cavalry as escort; and twenty-five horses, including our own for hunting.

The party were General Coppinger, Lieutenant Perry, aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Ryan, in charge of escort; Messrs. Robert and William Emmet and Sir Rose Price, "Bart.," guests of the General.

Our route after leaving the Fort lay across a dry, undulating prairie covered with sage brush, in places showing signs of ancient water action, the ground being scored by deep fissures. In others there were lines of ridges and flat-topped elevations. The scenery was somewhat obscured by the smoke from some distant forest fire, probably a couple of hundred

miles off, which unfortunately prevented our seeing the highest points of the Wind River Mountains, along whose north base we were marching. We camped that evening on the Wind River, which was here a fine rapid stream some seventy yards wide, holding a considerable volume of water.

Next morning we struck camp at 7.30 a.m. and marched up the south bank of the Wind River, passing Crow Heart Buttes. The aspect of the country was very diversified. For miles we would march through nothing but sage brush ; and then the character of the soil would suddenly change, and for an equal distance we would travel through miles of beautiful blue lupine. We were accompanied for several hours by small flocks of buffalo birds. These interesting little birds, whose scientific name I do not know, are somewhat smaller than our thrush, and are of a dusty brown colour. I never saw anything so tame. They flew about our horses' legs, and I almost thought they would have been

trodden on. No London sparrow could have shown less concern. They have the same habit as the cuckoo, with regard to getting other birds to hatch and tend their young for them, as they lay their eggs in any nest they consider favourable for the purpose. They were companionable little things, and we quite missed them when they deserted us.

We passed several plains on each side of the river, well suited for cultivation; and as we had constantly to ford it, had many opportunities of judging each bank. I never saw a river with so many islands in it. There was quite a succession of them, and they greatly added to its picturesque appearance.

We camped in a clump of cotton-wood, within twenty feet of the water, a very charming spot. At night our camp fires brought out every leaf in these trees, the stars shone brightly through the branches, and our after-dinner smoke by the blazing logs was most enjoyable.

We were visited by a hunter, who had a ranche in the vicinity, called Indian Dick, who had served with Generals Sheridan and Crook, and convoyed President Arthur into the Yellowstone Park. Dick was a noted hunter, and as the greater portion of his life had been spent in this locality, we were glad to have a chat with him. He told us there was any amount of elk in the country we proposed visiting, with a smaller quantity of mountain sheep, and a few grizzly bears. About the elk there was no question at all—they were in abundance. We killed some trout, but they were neither large nor numerous, and we left next day for Clarke's.

A slight accident prevented my riding, but I had a lovely drive of about thirty-seven miles in the hunting wagon, over, in many places, about as bad a road as I ever travelled. At one steep bank overhanging the river we had to make half-a-dozen men stand on and cling to the upper side of our trap, to prevent its tumbling over,

which it certainly would have done had it not been for this precaution. After passing, the General sent back one of the escort to caution our transport wagons to go some safer way, and they unquestionably would have come to grief badly had he not done so, as one of them rolled completely over in a far less dangerous place later on.

Our driver in the hunting wagon was a coloured man named Cognac, and a better whip I never sat behind. He possessed to perfection the four chief attributes to successful driving, *i.e.*, hands, judgment, eyes, and nerve. Without this combination no man can take a team over a mere trail across the Rocky Mountains. During many years of travel in every quarter of the globe, I have had plenty of chances to criticise coachmanship. In the States I have driven certainly between two and three thousand miles, and with many different drivers, and I have never in any other country seen any men that could

touch them. When I think of the sort of places I have been taken over in the Rockies, it makes me laugh when I remember the applause I have heard at Hurlingham greet the successful Jehu who succeeded in guiding his team through the space occupied by a couple of barrels, without knocking them down. In Chili I have seen some pretty driving with three horses harnessed abreast, and in Brazil and South Africa some curious and very good driving. The worst drivers I have ever sat behind are the Germans, and I think they have the very best roads to drive over. As a nation I have for them the greatest admiration ; but the torture of sitting behind one for a five and twenty miles' drive, while he simply crawls like a spavined tortoise over possibly one of the best roads in Europe, is to me almost unendurable.

After fording Bloody Run Creek, where, some years ago, seven out of a party of nine men had been surprised and killed by Indians, we came to nearly the end of our

march, and camped for the last time on Wind River, near Clarke's ranche.

Our tents were pitched in a meadow of wild grass, amid a grove of willow bushes which provided shade and shelter ; and so close to the water that we had less than ten yards to go for our morning swim. I started off for about an hour's trout fishing, and caught a dozen, just enough for our dinner, which was, however, delayed long beyond the usual hour by the non-arrival of our transport. When at last they did arrive we heard that one of them had been twice upset, and the driver a good bit shaken. It certainly was in places a terribly bad road to take a load over.

On the 22nd of August we left Clarke's to cross the Continental Divide, which is here attained by a somewhat abrupt ascent of about two thousand feet, over an exceedingly badly graded, and very rough trail. It was a long and a hard day's work to reach the summit ; but by double banking the teams, *i.e.*, putting eight, instead of four

mules, to each transport wagon, and lightening the loads by a free use of the pack-train, we eventually got them up. The hunting wagon came up without any extra help. As we ascended, the country opened out more fully; we had a grand view of Washakie's Needles, and an equally grand one of the valley we had just left, but which was now winding away in the distance at our feet. On reaching the top of Union Pass, the extent of country the eye could range over was almost unbounded; and we camped on the Continental Divide, the waters on one side running into the Atlantic, and on the other into the Pacific Ocean.

After pitching tents I went for a short walk over the Divide towards the south, to prospect for signs of game. Round the edge of a small pond I found several fresh tracks of elk, black-tail, and antelope; and one of the elk had evidently been through it within an hour, judging from the character of the trail he had left behind

him. The Union Pass is 9,500 feet above the sea level, and a considerable amount of snow was above and below us when we reached the summit.

On the highest part I picked up a very perfect skull of what once must have been an enormous bull buffalo. It had lain there for years, and was quite bleached with age; but it made one feel melancholy to think of the countless thousands that must once, and not so very long ago, have ranged over the very ground we were now standing on, and of which there is now not one single representative alive.

Next day we left the Divide, our route lying between the Shoshone Mountains to the north, and the Grosventre Mountain to the south of us. The country formed a mixture of rugged mountain peaks and splendid wooded parks, showing specimens of landscape on a scale perfectly gigantic. Some of these parks were from three to ten thousand acres in extent, with the most perfect grazing pasture; and so dotted

with clumps of timber, as to give the idea they had been absolutely placed there with an eye to effect. Nature had done here what neither art nor treasure could possibly perform; the whole was watered by many burns varying in size, while several ponds and lakes scattered through the vista added to the general charm. It was a perfect paradise for game, and their sign lay in every direction.

No words of mine can convey anything like an adequate idea of the beauty of this scene, and Bierstadt is the only man I ever knew who could paint it. Our march this day was a short one, but during it we passed the head waters of three rivers, their various courses showing the eccentricity of the routes which, though rising so very close together, they had selected. The water of Warm Spring runs into the Atlantic, Grosventre into the Pacific, and Green River into the Gulf of California; the exits of each of them to the sea being from one to three thousand miles apart, yet they

all flowed here within six miles of each other.

We camped on some high ground forming a bend of Green River, which, emerging from a gloomy pass in the Wind River Mountains, ran in a terrible looking cañon about one thousand feet below us. The view we got here of the Wind River range was superb, embracing Sheep Mountain and Fremont's Peak, two of the highest points in it, in one glance. It all formed a perfect tangle of mountains, shaping themselves into precipice, gorge, and abyss; such a scene as Doré might have imagined, or ordinary mortals got hold of in some dreadful nightmare.

Our next march led through a continuation of park lands, perfectly lovely, and covered with elk-sign. I never saw anything like it, and even the Indians declared they never witnessed such a sight. We were passing through the winter ground of the elk; hundreds of their shed antlers were scattered in all directions; the carcasses

of many which had perished from cold and winter starvation were still rotting in their tracks, and "Little Bat," our hunter, declared that not less than ten thousand must have been here last winter. I may as well mention for the benefit of the uninitiated that what we call wapiti the Americans call elk; and that it must not be mixed up with the Norwegian animal of the same name that the Canadians term moose. If one spoke of wapiti to a western hunter he would not have the faintest idea of what was meant. Where I have killed them in Manitoba the old Scotch settlers always spoke of them as red deer, but as I am describing the Rockies where they are known as elk, elk they must remain to the end of their chapter.

Some of the trail passed over on this march was dreadfully bad going, and, notwithstanding Cognac's excellent driving, the hunting wagon came to grief and got its pole broken. Owing to a slight accident, I had up to this been travelling on the

box-seat with the driver, greatly interested with the skill he invariably displayed in bad places. This morning, feeling better, I elected to ride. It was lucky I did so, as when the accident happened Cognac was thrown off the box, and the trap falling on him, pinned one leg to the ground. Fortunately the cause of the mishap—pulling through a deep, muddy slew—also proved his salvation, for had it been on hard ground his leg would have been broken. Coleman, the General's servant, who occupied my late seat on the box, was sent flying on the other side. As I was both older and heavier than either of them, I might not have got off quite so easily.

We camped this evening on Bacon Creek, where it runs into the Grosventre, unquestionably the best trout river I ever cast fly in. Our next march commenced over an indifferent trail, with steep pitches and bad turns. On passing a ranche over Crystal Creek, the first we had seen since crossing the Divide, we found its occupant

just starting off on horseback, with a pack-horse as well, to bring in an elk he told us he had killed that morning. As the season for big game had not yet opened, and it was still over a week to the time when, according to State laws, they could be legitimately killed, the General tried to get a rise out of him by a little mild chaff on the subject, and finished by saying he would not inform the game wardens in Jackson's Hole of what he had seen. Our friend, however, was quite equal to the occasion, and bluntly informed us with many strange oaths that all the game wardens in Wyoming were unable to prevent his getting meat whenever he required it; that all the game wardens killed it out of season themselves; and that not one of them would ever dare to touch him, and if they ever did, he would soon get square with them. As I noticed an old mining cradle and sluice-box near the river, I fancy our friend's occupation, when not hunting game out of season, was gold mining.

We camped in the afternoon on a forty acre gold claim on the banks of the Gros-ventre, on a clear piece of meadow overhung by a red butte. I killed ten trout in half an hour in about thirty yards of water, averaging $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. each. Emmet, who was fishing longer, got a good basket, five of his best trout weighing 8 lb. For their size I never saw such game trout in my life. They played just like sea trout, springing out of water on feeling steel, and rushing madly all over the river afterwards. Very beautiful they were also, bright coloured, small-headed, and well-shaped. I only wish we could have had a whole day at them, instead of, as in my case, only a few minutes; but I had just come off a long ride into a late camp, tired and hungry, and was lucky to get as good sport as I did. The Grosventre runs into the Snake, the Snake into the Columbia, which runs into the Pacific in Oregon. I shall never forget the trout in the Grosventre.

Next day we marched for about a mile

down the Grosventre until we came to quite a high mountain, probably a thousand or fifteen hundred feet above the river ; and the wagons and mule-train facing the trail which lay directly up its face, the General and myself took a small foot trail on the side that overhung the cañon, formed by the river cutting its way through rocks, a thousand feet below us. We did not meet the wagon-train again that day until it was time to camp. It was a very beautiful ride, but not one I should have cared to have been mounted on a runaway horse for. It was slightly creepy crawling along a trail, certainly not eighteen inches wide, and on the side of a hill like a sugar-loaf, and though the view at our feet was very charming, I was glad to get into a more open country.

At a turn of the road near a bunch of quaking aspens, and in a place where I could see no possibility of a single man's escaping, were he attacked by three men armed with rifles, the General pointed out to me the spot

where a man named Smith said he was attacked by Indians. As an ambuscade the place was perfect, and had any three men wished to kill they certainly could have succeeded. The settlers here are all jealous of the Indians hunting over the country that has been theirs for centuries, and trump up every imaginable story to their disadvantage so as to get the government to put restrictions on their hunting. As a matter of fact all wanton destruction is done by white, and not red men. The former are the skin hunters and not the latter, and it is a fact well known, that Indians hardly ever kill deer except such as they require for food. It is extraordinary how idiotic some of our own colonial game laws are, and how the colonists out of ignorance and jealousy legislate against English hunters; much as the settlers here would against the Indians. Take Newfoundland for instance, where I have hunted; no sort of restriction is placed on the inhabitants of the interior slaughtering any quantity of caribou in their

yearly migrations across the ponds ; but any Englishman visiting the country and wishing to hunt must in the first place take out a £20 licence, and is then limited to five deer. They quite ignore the good that the money he has to spend in the country must do the poor settlers that it has to be spent among. The blind and senseless jealousy of the St. John's legislation keeps many a dollar out of a country where dollars are by no means too plentiful, and for no reason that I can possibly discover, except to gratify a petty spite.

No Englishman would go to the trouble and expense of a journey to Newfoundland to kill hinds, except possibly an odd one for food ; and the stags he shot would, by their removal, do more good than harm in a country where the hinds, from their superior venison, are habitually shot down.

On rising the hill near the scene of the Smith ambushade, we got our first view of the Tetons ; one of, if not absolutely, the highest range in the Rockies. They sud-

denly burst on our sight as we topped the hill, and certainly the view was a grand one. They seemed, at the distance we then were from them, to rise out of a great lake, but which was in reality a vast, perfectly grass-covered level plain through which the Snake River ran. The rise was so abrupt that it added greatly to their apparent height, which is 13,654 feet above sea level.

The highest peak in the range—the grand Teton—reminded me somewhat of the Matterhorn, which in some degree it resembles, except that I believe it to be perfectly inaccessible, which the Matterhorn is not. On descending the hill our route lay along the base of the Teton range, with the Snake River running between us, so that we had an uninterrupted view from one end to the other. I noticed with my glasses one considerable glacier, but so placed that I do not think anyone could get up to it.

We were now in the country called Jackson's Hole, and it would be difficult to find

a more beautiful one. Immense stretches of prairie land with wild hay growing over it, in many places above one's knees, afforded abundant pasture for cattle. The foothills on each side of the plain are wooded, like the park lands already described, with picturesque clumps of various kinds of timber, interspersed with streams of the clearest and coldest water, well stocked with trout. The various mixture of colours on the hillsides; the light, delicate asparagus green of the quaking aspen; the yellow of the willow, which was just turning; the bright green of the spruce; and the dark green of the pine trees, made a perfect combination. These hills are full of game—elk, black-tail, and antelope—and Mr. Cherry, whose ranche we visited, told me that not less than three thousand elk wintered in them last year. From their sign left on the ground, I am convinced he has not over-estimated the number. All this, with the magnificent range of the Tetons thrown in, makes Jackson's Hole a

very desirable place to live in, and I very much fear it will rapidly settle up.

We pitched our camp this evening on Brush Creek, a beautiful stream of ice-cold water just above Cunningham's ranche, and next morning marched to Cherry's ranche, some fourteen miles from it. Here we had a chapter of accidents. The pack-team and wagons went off in one direction; the General and myself in another; and Perry, and an Indian who had gone to explore our trail, in a third. We all for some time seemed hopelessly lost. The General and myself rode up a steep hill to reconnoitre our position, and Perry, who of all the party alone knew our right direction, caught sight of us and came to the rescue. We soon headed off the wagons and got the outfit on the right trail, and another six miles through a beautiful park-like country brought us to our halting place on a wooded bluff overhanging the Buffalo River, where we formed our permanent camp on the 27th of August, 1897.



CHAPTER VI.

Camp on Buffalo Fork—The aparajoe—Emmet's first hunt—Severity of winter last year—Jackson's Hole and Lake—View from Ray Hamilton's cottage—Join camps with Dr. Seward Webb on Snake River—We become the Doctor's guests—A mysterious "Big Horn."

IT would be hard to find a more charming spot for a camp than the one we now occupied. Our tents were pitched on a perfectly level piece of ground, about one hundred yards broad by two hundred and fifty long, on a precipitous bluff about sixty feet above the river. Except on the river-side we were completely surrounded and sheltered by a pine forest.

The men had their tents pitched in another open space in the timber, about

two hundred yards in our rear, out of sight, but close enough for all practical purposes. From our tents we had an uninterrupted view some twenty miles up the valley of the Buffalo Fork, which was formed by a line of comparatively low, park-like timbered hills on each side of the river, with a broad, flat, willow-covered bottom about a mile across, through which the river wound about. At the extreme end of the valley some high mountains ran across it, but so far off as not to cramp the view. The irregularity of the hills on each side, with such a variety of colouring from different shades of foliage, and the open, park-like spaces at intervals all through them, gave an additional charm to the scene ; and last, though not least, the ground was covered with any quantity of elk and antelope sign, and the river was full of trout. Along the bottom we found wild geese and duck, and on the hills mountain or blue grouse. The weather was charming, and our lines cast in pleasant places ; so we waited with

a contented frame of mind for the big game season to open on the 1st of September.

It commenced auspiciously, six antelopes being brought into camp the first day of the season, all being killed in its immediate vicinity. The 3rd of September was a somewhat eventful day in our annals of camp life. Bob Emmet and Bat started with a pack-train of seven mules for a week's hunt, and my feelings at seeing them ride off may be more easily imagined than described; but the accident which prevented my riding from Washakie had come against me again, and to my bitter disappointment I had to remain in camp, instead of joining in the hunt, which for months I had looked forward to. "L'homme propose et Dieu dispose"—I could only grin and bear it. The pack-train, with Jack Macfarlane, our packmaster, returned the same day to Washakie. Both parties had a dreary start to commence their march with, as it rained in torrents all the day.

The mules and the pack-train had all

along been of great interest to me, and the way the whole service was conducted was quite a study in itself. The aparajoe, a mule pack-saddle, is an immense improvement on the sort of crossbar abomination I have seen used in our own service, which, for sore backs and shifting loads, stands unequalled.

The aparajoe is a light wicker frame covered with leather, and made so as to hang on each side of the mule's back equally balanced, something after the manner of pony grouse baskets. Each framework is about three feet long by two feet wide, and stuffed with hay. The load is fastened on by two men, one on each side of the animal, who pass a rope some twenty feet long from one to the other, under and over the mule's back, until it forms what they call a "Diamond Hitch," *i.e.*, the crossings and recrossings of the rope on the mule's back when the hitch is properly tied forming a shape like the ace of diamonds on the top of the load. No-

thing could be simpler, more secure, or more rapidly performed than the act of fastening on the load with the "Diamond Hitch." I should put the average time for hoisting on and lashing up each mule with his respective load at one minute and a half, though I have no sort of doubt that plenty of packers, if they liked, could do the same thing well under the minute. No mule with any sort of self-respect will submit to be loaded without having been first blindfolded. This is done for them by a light sort of leather apron, which, suspended by a strap hung over their ears, falls over both eyes. With some of the old mules, they simply hang the blind over one ear, which does not interfere in the slightest with the animal's vision, and satisfies his sense of propriety; but without this concession to the fitness of things, nothing would induce him to allow a pack even near him. Mules are queer things, and require much studying, and all their dispositions seem to differ; but a good pack-

master knows them all. It requires a right good man to be a good packmaster, for which reason you rarely find a bad one. Jack Macfarlane was first-class, at any rate. A "Hackamore" (headstall without bit) is put on each mule prior to packing, which, with a broad breeching and breast-plate to steady the aparajoe, completes the outfit, and the blind being removed, he at once trots off of his own accord to join the train, or his belled leader, should he happen to be the first mule packed. A belled leader is a necessity, and this if possible should be a gray mare (not a mule), which is never packed. The mules get much attached to their bell-mare, and will follow her anywhere, each mule trying to get as near her as he possibly can.

On reaching camp the loads are unpacked, and the aparajoes placed in line with their blankets and corona on them. The corona is a small, canvas-lined piece of blanketing or cloth which goes next the mule's back, and on the corona the pack-

master exhibits what powers of fine art he may possess in figuring out in fancy work the symbol of each mule's name. For this reason I noticed that the names generally selected were such as would not put too severe a strain on his powers of delineation ; but pictures of elk, antelope, duck, or such other birds or animals, or anything else that could be applied to mules' names, and not too difficult to portray, were freely emblazoned on each corona, and often with no mean skill. The corona is placed on the top of the aparajoe after unpacking, and each mule without leading, on being driven in for the nightly examination, of his own accord takes up his proper position facing his own corona.

The examination is of nightly occurrence, and is conducted by the packmaster. It is here that the immense superiority of the aparajoe over any other description of pack-saddle makes itself apparent. The mule, on being carefully looked over, possibly shows some mark where the saddle

had galled him. Over this, or any other place similarly affected, the packmaster expectorates a mouthful of tobacco juice. The aparajoe is then replaced on the mule's back, and on being firmly pressed down, retains on it the moist mark of the tobacco, which at once discloses where the aparajoe unduly presses. The packmaster then places it on the ground, and passing his hand through a hole left for the purpose, so re-arranges the stuffing that no sort of pressure can bear on the affected part. By these means, Jack Macfarlane told me, he had frequently started with a mule which had been handed over to him with a sore back, and that by proper attention to the points mentioned, he had completely cured him on the line of march, without ever having been obliged to diminish his load.

On the return journey one of the mules, in passing along a narrow trail overhanging a small stream, lost its footing, and rolling down to the bottom, broke its back

and had to be shot. This was the only serious accident we had met with; and considering the character of some of the places we had gone over, and the number of animals we had out, we may consider ourselves fortunate in not having to record a much larger death-roll.

Some five and twenty or thirty mouths in camp required a certain amount of filling; and as butchers' shops do not at present exist in Jackson's Hole, and the men required fresh meat, we had to take whatever we could most easily get hold of. The stag elk had not yet commenced running, but there were plenty of hinds, and up to the 8th of September we killed nine antelopes and eleven elk for meat. On the 10th of September Emmet returned from his first hunt. He had gone to a line of country about twenty miles eastward of our camp, chiefly with the object of hunting for mountain sheep (*ovis montana*) and bears, but had come across neither. Of sheep he had seen no sign whatever, and

had only struck the trail of one small bear. He reported the country as being full of elk, but had seen no large heads among the numerous bands he had met with. He brought back one nice head with seven points on one side and six on the other, not heavy, but symmetrical, and had killed two others right and left ; but unfortunately on the edge of a precipice, over which they had fallen, and in doing so broke both sets of antlers, and were not worth bringing in.

The country in places was bad travelling. Any amount of fallen timber, and at one spot they were obliged to cut steps in the ice with their hunting knives to get across it. His three stags were got out of a band of hinds and stags, which had fed into a sort of precipitous *cul de sac*, out of which they could not escape without passing close to where he and Bat were waiting for them ; but the ground was so rough, that on being shot two out of the three stags broke their antlers as already mentioned. He could have killed any amount of hinds,

as they passed within forty yards of him. They counted a hundred and fifty in another band, but with no good heads among them. The old stags, however, often get away without being seen, so some might have been there without having been observed. About half-a-dozen young stags were with them.

Last winter was an unusually severe one in the Rockies, and the deer suffered sadly from the cold and starvation. "Beaver Dick," a local hunter, told Bat that he believed that most of the old stags had perished, as the cold set in very shortly after the rutting, and they had not recovered sufficient strength to enable them to resist its severity. Hunger seemed to make the survivors fearless. They flocked by hundreds into the various ranches to get at the hay, and the settlers had hard work with sticks and stones to drive them off. One man found seventy-three in his corral, and took them all alive and afterwards sold them. Round every hay-yard

that I saw here, and at Jackson's Hole, there was invariably a strong pale at least ten feet high, to guard against the elk in winter, at which time of the year, should the season be severe, the place simply swarms.

The Yellowstone National Park, which is strictly preserved, is only twenty miles off, and the government do all in their power to see that this preservation is carried out to the strictest letter of the law. On entering the Park, if a visitor has either gun or rifle, it is taken from him, and kept until his return ; or if he is going out by some other route, it is sealed up so that he cannot use it. U.S. soldiers also patrol the Park in all directions to see that nothing is destroyed. All these regulations are admirable, and the Park is full of all kinds of game that is never fired at. Unfortunately, however, the winter food for them is both poor and scanty, and severe weather drives them down to the rich and unprotected pastures of Jackson's

Hole, where they are at the mercy of anyone who likes to kill them—an easy accomplishment in hard weather.

On the 13th we struck camp and joined Dr. Seward Webb's hunting party, who were settled about two miles from the north end of Jackson's Lake, within a few hundred yards of the Yellowstone Park boundary.

Our route lay down Buffalo Fork until it ran into the Snake River, and then by Smith's and Sergeant and Ray Hamilton's ranches, on the trail into the Park. To surpass, as a hunting ground, the country that lay on both sides of Buffalo Fork would be impossible. The mountains on both sides were timbered to their summits, with any amount of open intervening parks, affording the very best of feeding, while the uneven, broken nature of the ground gave unusual facilities for easy stalking.

The aspen was now beginning to show its autumn tints, and every shade, from lemon to bright orange, dotted the land-

scape. The rugged Tetons were always before us in the distance, and the air was indescribably clear. The atmosphere on the Rockies is at times quite wonderful. Space becomes almost obliterated, and objects that are in reality fifty miles off look only about fifteen. This was just such a day, and the clearness with which everything showed out made it one to be remembered, for all was very lovely.

At Smith's ranche, while halting for lunch, we met a small detached hunting party from Dr. Webb's outfit, with pack-mules, etc., *en route* to Jenny's Lake, about twenty-five miles from their main camp.

Our trail now ran somewhat parallel to Jackson's Lake, which at intervals we got glimpses of, and the Tetons, which seemed to run directly out of it, looked almost within gunshot. On a site, evidently selected by an artistic and cultured mind, for nothing could exceed the beauty of the view from it, we found the log house of the

late Mr. Ray Hamilton and his either partner or associate, one Sergeant.

The view extended in an unbroken line for some forty miles, taking in the entire Jackson's Hole country, with Jackson's Lake (about twenty miles long) in the foreground. The entire range of the Tetons was embraced in the panorama, along whose base the blue waters of the lake appeared to wash its shores in a comparatively straight line. On the lake's side, from which we viewed it, the various small wooded ranges over which we had marched ran into the water, forming a succession of bays and timbered peninsulas, the irregularities of which were most charmingly picturesque. Several small islands, covered with a foliage of variegated autumn tints, dotted the ultramarine surface of the water, and altogether it formed a picture of surpassing beauty. Comparisons are odious; but, on looking at this scene of enchantment, I wondered if, in my wanderings over the world, I had ever seen anything that

surpassed what I then looked at. The Swiss lakes, the Italian lakes, Killarney; lakes in North America, in South America, in Asia, and in Africa all passed in memory's review—many of them beautiful, but not one of them more so than the vision of loveliness that now lay before me.

A certain amount of romance and mystery lent an additional interest to the Hamilton log hut.

Its late owner, a man of birth and education, had elected to bury himself here, away from all touch with the outside world. The individual who lived with him, if only one-half of the accounts I heard were true, must have been one of the most despicable scoundrels unhung. He had cleared out of the country just in time to escape being "lynched." The ill-fated Mr. Hamilton was found drowned, and nobody seemed quite satisfied as to the manner it happened, and all sorts of surmises floated in the air. The furniture in the hut had nearly all been

removed, but the few articles left were in perfect keeping with the good taste displayed in the rustic but very pretty interior. Most of our party knew something of, or about, its late unfortunate owner, so a melancholy interest attached itself to the spot, which the accounts of the wickedness perpetrated there after his death by this creature Sergeant seemed to deepen.

A few miles further through the wooded valley of the Snake River brought us to a succession of large grass-covered flats, and on a small backwater of the main river we found our new camp, with the U.S. flag floating gaily in its midst. The two outfits now joined forces, and we all became the guests of Dr. Seward Webb.

The camp, for a hunting party, was an unusually large one, and consisted of 150 men, 113 horses, and 164 mules. The first item embraced the "guns," officers, non-commissioned officers, troopers, civilian employés, enlisted teamsters, packers, Indians, and civilian servants. The tents formed

three sides of a large square, with the escort wagons and spring hunting wagons in the centre. The site, though not anything like as convenient or well-chosen as our camp on Buffalo Fork, was picturesque in the extreme. On one side the Tetons rose in all their majesty, the Snake River running at their base. A break in them, more resembling a chasm than the entrance to a trail, fronted our position, and afforded the only way of penetrating an apparently impregnable position that led to the ground, where the local hunters assured us we should find mountain sheep.

On the opposite side a succession of lower mountains, covered with all the variegated foliage of autumnal tints, stretched away until some five and thirty or forty miles off they met the still higher range, where Bat and Emmet had hunted for mountain sheep.

To our north lay the wooded rising country included in the timber reservation attached to the Yellowstone National Park ;

and to the south the grand alluvial plains of Jackson's Hole, which run for over forty miles on each side of the Snake River, and form the great winter feeding ground for all the elk and antelope for more than a hundred miles on each side of it. The winters in the Park are so severe, all the deer in it are driven by starvation from the sanctuary which it affords on to these plains, where they can be slaughtered literally by thousands.

An effort is being made by some people interested in the preservation of wild animals, to induce the government to add a considerable portion of these winter feeding grounds to the National Park. I hope most sincerely they may succeed, for if they do not it will only be a matter of time for the elk to follow the buffalo and disappear off the face of creation. The Doctor's party consisted of five guns : Dr. Seward Webb, Messrs. Creighton and Louis Webb, Purdy, and Bird. As only Emmet and myself hunted from the General's outfit it brought

the guns up to seven, or perhaps I should say rifles, as being certainly the more correct expression.

Of our creature comforts while in camp the Doctor took the greatest possible care. A *chef*, with a couple of assistants, kept us a very long way from starvation, and champagne every night for those who liked it was at any rate a beverage not often to be found in a camping outfit near Jackson's Hole. It was very luxurious and very jolly, but "all hands" were far more intent on hunting than on either eating or drinking, and we were all more or less away on detached hunting parties for days or weeks at a time, when neither *chef* nor champagne was included in our commissariat.

The Doctor started off, with Bat Garnier and Beaver Dick as hunters, the day after we arrived in camp, to look for sheep up the gorge penetrating the Tetons. Years ago I have got sheep on quite comfortable ground, and with very little difficulty; but now they are only to be found on, and in,

the most uncompromising places; and the Tetons, rugged, bare, and in places utterly inaccessible, form a very typical ground for these rapidly disappearing animals. Beaver Dick, who had a ranche in the neighbourhood, had, with the assistance of his Indian wife (who was quite as good a hunter as himself) located a band of sheep in the Tetons. The Doctor had "blood in his eye," and was keen on the *ovis montana*. I did not see him again for a fortnight, but I believe he got four of them, and one carried a very good head.

Emmet had a mysterious adventure with one which allowed him to get within twenty yards, and then disappeared like a dissolving view. It quite scared Tigee, the Shoshone hunter, who, though a pious-minded Indian, and not given to habitual profanity, declared it was the devil, and seemed quite relieved when he got clear of the locality.

On the 16th of September the wagons we had brought from Fort Washakie were started back empty under the charge of a

non-commissioned officer, on the return journey, the General fearing that if they delayed here longer they might get obstructed by snow when crossing the Divide. The weather was lovely, but we had sharp frosts in the early morning, and the water left in a basin one night in my tent was in the morning frozen solid. The entire party were at this time away in different directions from the main camp; some singly, some by twos. There was any amount of transport for whoever required it. Ten, twenty, thirty mules if necessary, with their aparajoes and packers, were always in immediate readiness for whoever required them, with cook, tent, and as much food and drink as suited the individual requirements of the gentleman, or gentlemen, forming the party. Nothing could have been better managed or more complete.

The hunting radius was generally from twenty to forty miles from permanent camp, so that there was any amount of ground for everyone without the slightest bit of crowd-

ing or interfering with one another. With regard to game one could hardly go wrong. It was everywhere. The only difficulty was in getting *good* heads, but of elk there was any quantity.



CHAPTER VII.

Emmet and self start on a fortnight's hunt—Tigee, my Shoshone hunter—Camp on Pacific Creek—Horses and windfalls—Our hunting camp—An easy shot—Difficult riding ground—Porcupine liver—Exciting stalk and a good head—Singular trout fishing on Blue Lake.



ON the 19th of September Emmet and myself started for a hunt. The outfit consisted of eleven mules and two riding horses, Jack Macfarlane our chief packer, with three assistants and our two servants.

My man, "Jackson," was a coloured trooper in the 9th Cavalry, whom the General had detailed to look after me, and a capital servant I found him. He was a first-rate camp cook, and when I was ill a

most excellent nurse, and as sympathetic and attentive as a woman.

We took two Indians as hunters. Emmet had "Half Rope," a young Sioux, who could not speak a word of English, and was quite a typical Indian, with the strongly-marked features and cruel-looking face so prevalent among his tribe, taciturn to a degree, but with the eye of a hawk, and keen as mustard. Tigee, a Shoshone, was my man. He was, I should judge, about forty years of age, and had the reputation of being the best hunter on their reservation.

I have hunted at various times with all kinds of Indians, but never met any quite like Tigee. He spoke a little English, but understood it very much better, and had a decided sense of humour quite unusual among Indians. In manners and instincts he was a gentleman in the truest sense of the word. Among many instances of fine feeling, I recall the delicate way he avoided wounding my *amour propre*, when toiling

so frequently after him up some semi-perpendicular mountain, thickly strewn with fallen timber, following a hot trail of elk. I need hardly say he could go like a steam-engine, and "stay" almost for ever; but I could not; so Tigee, when he saw that I was about played out, would pretend that *he* was tired, and would sit down with an air of extreme lassitude and say he must rest a bit, until he saw I had got my wind again and was ready for another effort. In a dozen different ways he showed good breeding, and though all his clothes would have been dear at half-a-crown, Tigee was a truer gentleman than a very considerable proportion of the faultlessly attired individuals to be seen in St. James's Street in the height of a London season. Nothing much to boast of, after all, as English manners seem to be getting worse and worse every day, the natural result of an absence of responsibility, and the knowledge that one cannot be called out.

We started at 8 a.m., and passing by

Ray Hamilton ranche, where they had an unusually large elk-head waiting for shipment East, struck a trail leading north of Pelican Lake, a nice sheet of water with some likely looking hunting ground round it, and where Emmet had last year shot a good head, until we struck Pacific Creek. To the uninitiated I may as well mention that the work "creek" means small river or stream ; and that a small river in the States would often be considered a very considerable one in England.

At the end of Pelican Lake we saw some elk, and among them a young stag, but as he did not carry a head sufficiently tempting, we continued our march up Pacific Creek some eight miles, and halted for lunch not far from Emmet's old camping ground last year. It was a lovely ride. The day was warm and bright, the atmosphere as clear as it well could be, scenery lovely, and we were perpetually coming on evidences of big game. What more could one desire on a line of march ?

At 4 p.m. we halted for the night on the banks of Pacific Creek, pitching our tents under a small group of trees in a large grass meadow, facing the Tetons in the distance, having travelled nearly thirty miles with our pack-train, and not a sore back among them.

Next morning we got away by 8 o'clock, and as we were now getting pretty high up, and working towards the still higher ground, where Emmet, who knew the country, had decided we had better form camp and hunt from, the going soon got about as bad as it well could be. We had no trail to guide us, and Emmet, who was the only man in the party who had ever been in this section of the Rockies before, although as an old hunter he knew his points perfectly, could not possibly improvise the easiest way of getting to them; so we dodged about among a succession of ravines and cañons, and perfect labyrinths of fallen timber, till we got almost bewildered.

It really is astonishing how wonderfully clever horses and mules get after a little practice at this timber-creeping business. In places the fallen logs lay thick as spillikins, which they very much resembled, except that, instead of being laid out on a nice flat table, we here frequently had to take them on the side of some ravine only a few degrees out of the perpendicular, and where a mistake would often mean a broken neck. In one place we had to cut a way for the pack-mules, while Tigee and Half Rope went ahead to reconnoitre ; however, we got out at last after a bad struggle, and I felt thankful to get into open ground again.

Our point, which we made shortly after clearing the timber, was a charming little lake embossed among the mountains, which Emmet had seen the previous year, and had then determined to camp there if he ever came again. In colour it was of the brightest blue, and as no name was given on the charts in our possession, we called it " Blue Lake."

We don't always get our own way in this wicked world. As we drew near, we noticed horses feeding in one of the natural meadows near the lake, and knew at once that some one was here before us, and that both for his and our own sakes we should have to travel farther. It was a disappointment at the time, but, as things turned out afterwards, the very best thing that could have happened, as the heads we eventually got were a good bit larger than any we saw in the camp that had forestalled us.

We put some six or eight miles between Blue Lake and our final halting place, passing through a succession of beautiful small parks to get there, and seeing several elk *en route*. On the edge of one of these park-like openings in the timber we passed a large deer-lick, the sides of which had been trampled down by elk until they looked like the ground in a cattle pen at a fair, and the water was muddy and disturbed, showing the recent presence of the animals themselves.

We camped on the edge of a natural meadow nearly two miles long, under a grove of trees, and close to excellent water. At one end we found a "kill," recently covered by a bear. The earth was all torn up, where he had scratched it over the anticipated meal he wished to conceal. At the other end of the meadow was a much frequented deer-lick, well trodden down by elk-sign, and our hunting ground might be said to commence within a quarter of a mile of camp. Not a bad locality for a beginning, and, as it was a tolerably good substitute for the Blue Lake, we felt in a more heavenly mood towards our supplanters.

Next morning Emmet was out an hour before dawn to watch the kill for bear, but Master Bruin declined putting in an appearance, so the interview never came off.

I left camp with Tigee at daylight, and got right into a band of elk within half an hour's ride after leaving. Three stags were challenging from different quarters. We tied up our horses, and went for the

nearest, which was also the most favourable with regard to wind. The ground was heavy timber, with a thick coating of dead falls; but the stalk was easy, as the stag kept on challenging, and we were guided by the sound to where he stood, surrounded by half-a-dozen hinds, on the off-side of a piece of grass-land containing a deer wallow. He moved slowly to the edge of a thicket of young spruce before I got a chance to fire, as the hinds kept getting in the way; but it came at last, a nice easy shot at about eighty yards. There was a report, smoke, and a blank space where the stag had stood. The black powder had hung badly, and prevented my seeing whether he had been hit or not. He unquestionably was not there. Tigee was in an equally happy state of ignorance, and looked bad. "Perhaps you miss," he said, and I also felt a bit sick. However, we went across, and found him stone dead in the thick spruce clump, not ten yards from where he received my fire, shot clean

through the heart. The wind, after the obsequies had been performed, became baffling; so, after a couple of hours' more ineffectual hunting, we returned to camp.

The elk's challenge during the rutting season is a most peculiar sound to issue from so large and handsome an animal. It is a decided whistle, not unlike a soft note on a clarinet, ending with a very mild sort of grunt at the finish—a most difficult sound to describe, but one which I am happy to say we became very familiar with before the hunt was over. It is the most gentle musical sound that emanates from any animal I ever met with.

Breakfast next morning before daylight, and all started together, Emmet with Half Rope, and I with Tigee. Separated about a mile from camp. Had a hard day, mostly on foot. Hunted towards our old camp on Buffalo Fork, and got into a bad country for windfalls. It was another day of spillikin riding, and the way our horses crawled, crept, jumped, and wriggled through them

was a wonder. We saw several small bands of from six to ten, generally hinds with young stags with them, not worth having. I might have shot half-a-dozen hinds had I been so minded. One accommodating young stag offered me an easy standing shot, at about thirty yards, but I would not take it. He never saw or winded us, and as other stags, which we could not see, were whistling all around us in the heavy timber, I reserved my fire in hopes of getting a better head.

Tigee cut a hollow reed, and made a "call" out of it, something after the fashion of a penny whistle. I don't fancy a rutting elk's ears can be very critical, as they answered freely, though they would not come up; and, after a long and exciting day of hard work and baffled hopes, we returned to camp, well pleased with the quantity, if not the quality, of the game we had met with.

It really was a very exciting and delightful day. We were among elk almost all

the time, and had it not been that I wanted a big head, I had half-a-dozen easy chances of getting a small one. When we got back I was delighted to find Emmet busily at work skinning and cleansing the head of a grand fifteen pointer which he had shot shortly after leaving us. It was the best head brought in during the trip, and formed a very handsome trophy.

Next day I went out with Tigee, intending to hunt towards the head waters of Buffalo Creek, a part of the mountains that, as far as we knew, had been untouched by anyone this season, and where we hoped to pick up something decent. We got, however, into an absolutely unridable country that lay between us and the point we wished to make; and after wandering through cañons, ravines, and fallen timber for some hours, and riding down some places that were positively dangerous (Tigee on his Indian pony would go anywhere that was not absolutely perpendicular, and I had to follow him), we came to a place that even

he could not face, so we had to give it up ; and I felt much relieved when he did so. Natural conceit compelled me to follow him, but I was in a blue funk at many of the places he led me down, and was glad enough when he at length convinced himself that the route was impracticable and had to be abandoned. A detour of about half a day might have carried us round, but as that would have left us no time for hunting, we worked our way back again towards home. We met a few elk, chiefly hinds, but with no good heads among them.

I never was in a country where there were so many porcupines as in this part of the Rockies. The number of trees they bark seems incredible. The Indian squaws use their quills a great deal for embroidery ; mocassins and horse clothing are, for gala purposes, ornamented with them a good deal, the quills having been previously dyed some brilliant colour. Tigee, when time permitted it, would always take a skin for his squaw, as there were very few porcu-

pinus left on the Shoshone Reservation. We met a very large one on our way back, so getting off his pony, he picked up a stick and proceeded to kill it. I have several times shot them in Canada for food when I had no fresh meat, and mighty little pork either. The meat (in the woods) is excellent, and the liver a positive delicacy, ever so much better than chicken's; but I had never attacked one with a stick. A porcupine moves much after the manner of a sloth, and when molested does not run away. Should a log be handy, he will try and get his head under it and let his bristles do the rest. I don't think I ever saw an animal take so much pounding or show such tenacity of life. Tigee, to all appearances, broke its head with the first well-directed blow. It seems to have some of the nature of the turtle with regard to life tenacity (though I never observed it when gunshot), as that reptile's head may be cut clean off, yet body movement will continue for over six hours.

I remember once seeing a large shark caught on board a man-of-war in the Indian Ocean. He was killed, cut up, backbone taken out for a walking stick, parts of him eaten, and the rest thrown overboard. The assistant-surgeon had expressed a wish to have the heart given to him for the purpose of dissection. A bluejacket brought it to him on a clean plate. It was beating visibly, and actually worked itself round the plate by the power of its own rhythmic motion, leaving distinct little rings of blood at each pulsation. A porcupine may be built on the same lines, as far as showing movement when he ought to remain still is concerned; but if the *gourmets* in New York only knew what an excellent thing his liver is, *en brochette* with bacon, there would be many less trees barked and ruined in the Rocky Mountains.

On the 24th of September I left camp before dawn, and hunted along the side of a mountain overlooking the beautiful valley of the Buffalo Fork, working in the direction

of Cherry's ranche. From the highest point I had a magnificent view of the Tetons, Wind River Mountains, Jackson's Lake, Pelican Lake, and some other sheets of water, very picturesque in the distance, but probably nameless. It was wonderfully beautiful. Emmet rode out of camp with me, intending to hunt in a different direction, but shortly after entering the forest the two Indians, who were riding in advance, saw elk close to them, and as immediately afterwards two stags commenced challenging in different directions, Emmet went to one challenge and I to the other. Both our hunts proved failures. His animal, he told me afterwards, sighted him first; and the bull I went after ceased whistling, and we never saw him at all. On regaining our horses I travelled in the direction already described for about five miles, without either hearing or seeing anything. I was beginning to suspect we were in for a blank day, when we saw a hind by herself about eighty yards off,

She saw us also, but as she had not got our wind, did not appear greatly scared, though she trotted off at once over the brow of a hill and disappeared from sight. Suspecting that there were others not far from her, we dismounted and followed, and found she had joined and stirred a band of between fifty and sixty stags, hinds, and calves, who were travelling leisurely from us. Nothing could be done from the position which we were now in, so with my glasses I watched them feeding quietly away, one large bull with a fine head seemingly much exercised in keeping off by repeated charges a younger gentleman who was following the herd. They were not more than a couple of hundred yards off, and with my glasses I could have almost counted the hairs on their bodies—so I sat and watched for about twenty minutes, and a most interesting and charming sight it was. The elk hind is a particularly handsome animal, very large ; some of the old ones standing alongside the young

stags quite covered them, except where the latter's heads and antlers showed above them. The calves, nearly full-grown by this time, seemed still to retain the gaiety of extreme youth, for they frolicked and skipped about like lambs, racing and playing about with each other, and then running back to their respective mothers for a "liquor up." The old bull kept herding them all up, with, however, an ever watchful eye on his more youthful rivals, whom he incontinently charged when they neared the harem, until at length they crossed the brow, and were lost to sight. The ground was picturesque and park-like, and, though terribly steep in the part we had to take, fairly open except for occasional obstacles in the shape of heavy fallen timber, which, at the pace we went, had to be jumped. Tigee, ramming his heels well into the white pony, and flogging lustily as well, led me a merry dance over the side of a hill just about as steep as it was possible to travel, in a line about half a mile to lee-

ward of the route taken by the band, up the side of a fairly parallel valley. The loose round stones we galloped over showered down a couple of hundred feet below us as we displaced them, and I am quite certain I could never have raced over such a breakneck place in cold blood.

On we went for about a mile as hard as ever we could lay legs to the ground ; but I was giving the Indian at least four stone in difference of weight, and the Shoshone blood was on fire, and he gradually forged ahead, so that when we again saw the band, which was then right underneath us quietly grazing, he was two hundred yards in advance, and evidently bent on getting the shot himself. He had left the gallant gray under cover, and had commenced his stalk on foot.

The rival stags (there were five of them) were all challenging, and the band a bit scattered, so leaving my panting and thoroughly exhausted animal (and a right good one he was, though he could not give

four stone in a gallop up hill to an Indian pony in hard condition) alongside the gray, I started down the hill, keeping well under cover, towards where I heard one of the stags whistling. I had hardly got halfway towards the place whence the sound proceeded, and where I knew, at any rate, one stag of the band was staying, when bang, bang, bang, went Tigee's repeating Winchester on my right, and out galloped the "boss" bull of the herd right towards me, with the Indian in full pursuit. He had, however, fortunately for me, blazed away all his ammunition, and though he had hit the stag, it was going strong when I was able to get in a shot and kill him. As Tigee had no more cartridges, he would certainly have got away had he not, unluckily for himself, come in my direction. He had a very good head of thirteen points, and was as near as possible the same size and weight as Emmet's big one, though he carried two points less.

On the way back I could have killed a

couple of nice hinds, that offered the most easy and tempting shots. I suppose they knew I would not fire, as they let me ride within thirty yards of them. A good head rarely gives such a chance, though they do sometimes, and the best moose-head I ever knew brought out of the North-West, five feet, nine inches, from point to point, was shot by the gentleman's Cree Indian, within one hundred yards of the camp fire, while the present possessor was miles away. I hunted with the same Cree Indian the following year and over the same ground, who told me all about it; but its possessor never mentioned to me that it was Matiginway who had shot the head.

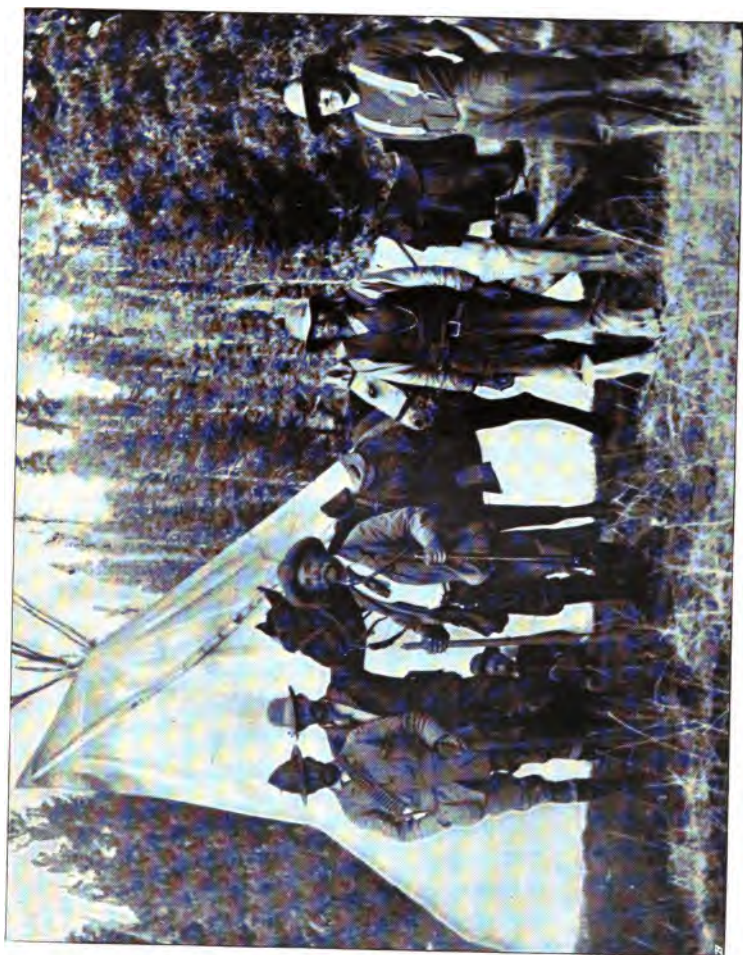
There was time when we returned to camp to bring in the meat that night. Emmet, who had not killed anything in the morning, went with them and returned long after dark, bringing back with him a very pretty little head with ten points, which he had killed on the way.

Next day we thought we would give the

ground a bit of a rest; so, taking Tigee and Half Rope, we rode over to Blue Lake for a few hours' fishing.

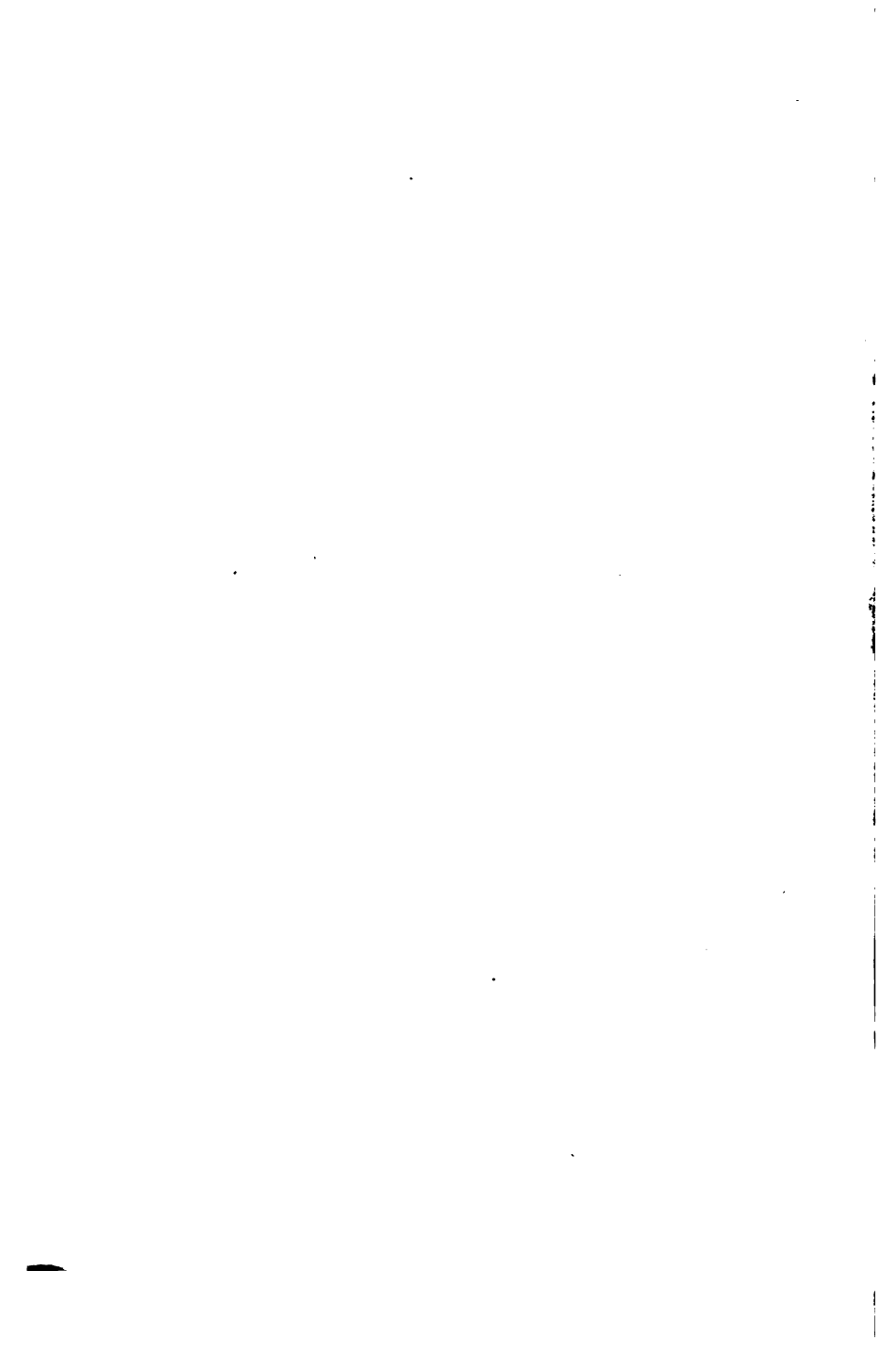
The trail led northward through some beautiful parks. Flocks of lovely blue birds were hawking flies over the meadows, the sun shining brightly on them and bringing out their vivid colouring, with a sort of metallic lustre. The atmosphere was clear, altitude about 8,000 feet, most charming views all round us in every direction, no matter where one looked; and we chatted, and smoked our pipes, and admired all we saw, and felt thankful for being there, and were contented with the world, and knew that it was good to be alive.

On reaching Blue Lake we called on the men camped there. They turned out to be a young Grenadier Guardsman and his friend, and had been on the ground since the season opened. They very kindly asked us to lunch after we had done our fishing; and one of them lending me a



A CAMP NEAR BLUE LAKE.

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pair of gum boots for wading, we started for the lake.

I have fished for trout in nearly every part of the world they are to be found in, commencing at the early age of seven, now more than half a century ago. Worse luck to it, time flies a great deal too quickly, and I have no business to be as keen about fishing as I was over fifty years ago, though somehow, alas, I fear I am. Well, really this was one of the most remarkable days I ever had. It was the hottest morning we had had for weeks; a dead calm, a bright sun, and the water looked like a piece of shining glass, without the faintest ripple on it. A more unlikely day for fishing a man never set out on. On getting into the lake I found that the bottom consisted of heavy, tenacious mud, with from one to two feet of water over it for some twenty yards out, when it suddenly shelved off to some unknown depth. At each step I took through this clinging bottom, sulphuretted hydrogen was liberated in such quantities

as to become positively unpleasant. The atmosphere reeked with it. The water was absolutely transparent. In fact, all the conditions were as unfavourable as it was possible for them to be. Now comes the singular part of the story. On getting near the place where the water suddenly deepened, I saw shoals of trout swimming near the surface and threw over them. They simply raced for it, and at the first cast I was into a pounder who fought as gallantly for his life as ever did any fish of its size that I have ever killed. The others were not in the least alarmed, they only seemed curious and followed him about while I did the playing, one of the boldest coming eventually within half-a-dozen feet of the landing net as I was taking him out. I could see every fish that was swimming near the surface within fifty yards of me, and had merely to cast for the biggest to get him. It was the queerest bit of trout fishing I ever had. The water was so clear I could see every spot on the fishes'

backs, and their mouths open as they took the hook. They were handsome, well-shaped fish, and afterwards when cooked the very firmest I ever tasted, cutting as pink as a salmon. Their flavour was delicious, and their skin unusually thick, and as tough as leather. The smell from the mud prevented my hankering after the water, and I did not taste any, but judging from the very powerful odour emanating from it, I fancy it must have been strongly impregnated with sulphur; yet the trout were about the very best I ever ate in my life. We fished for a couple of hours, killing fifty-nine of them. They averaged three-quarters of a pound each, and there was not a single small fish among them.

On going back for luncheon we examined our friends' trophies. They had eight nice elk-heads, none anything like as large as our two best; though, undoubtedly, almost any other year the same heads would have been very much bigger. In every respect

our visit to the Blue Lake was as peculiar as it most unquestionably was pleasant, and we both agreed while riding back to our camp that it had been a very delightful day.



CHAPTER VIII.

The elk's challenge—An early start—An unpleasant accident—Billesdon Coplow—Return to the permanent camp on Snake River—Sign language—The aparajoe severely tested—Arrive in camp—Game bag of the hunt—Hunt over—Start for Yellowstone National Park—Yellowstone Lake—Camp on West Thumb—Cross the Continental Divide.



I STARTED next morning at daylight, as usual, with Tigee, having noticed that the bull elk whistle a good deal more before 10 o'clock than they ever do after it, though of course they will occasionally challenge at any time, and often do so in the evening. In the early morning also everything is on foot. Deer of all kinds come out to feed and get a bit of sun, just

to warm themselves up a bit. The stags naturally hear or see each other, and challenge; and in thick timber their calling is of immense service to the hunter, enabling him to locate their whereabouts, and arrange the manner in which he will, with due regard to the wind, stalk the sound, until he is able to stalk the deer. Yet I find also that it is uncommonly hard to get fellows out of bed to do it.

I love these early morning rides. Everything is so fresh, your pipe tastes good, and the day, with pleasant hopes and anticipations, is still before you. The squirrels run fearlessly along the branches, chattering and scolding as you ride by; and the jolly little chipmunk, about the size of a decent mouse, cocks his tail, and running the length of a fallen log, sits up, and with his head on one side, seeming to say, "All right, old boy, I know what you want, and don't you wish you may get it." The ruffled grouse hardly take the trouble to walk out of your path, they know well

enough, at any rate, you are not after them this fine morning; and the day is still too young for any ugly thought that your anticipations of sport may not be realized.

How few of us ever recognize the fact that about an honest half of our pleasures in life consists entirely in anticipation.

We saw some hinds, but could not make out any stag with them, and on striking down to a line of country where Tigee thought we still might find them, got into about as bad a quarter for fallen timber as any I had seen anywhere. Where wind-falls lie thick, the accepted plan is to give your horse his head, and allow him to exercise his own judgment as to how he intends negotiating the obstacle.

I came across a nasty bit where some half-a-dozen trees were lying close together, and laying the reins loose on my horse's neck, waited to see what he would do. He had been so quiet and temperate in all his movements hitherto, that I suppose I became careless as to my seat. He put one

foot out and felt about with it for some moments, and not being satisfied, drew it back. He then tried the other with a similar result. His head was down as if almost smelling his way out of the difficulty, the reins lying loosely on his neck, when suddenly he gave a bound, cleared the logs, and shot me up like a sky-rocket.

I came down like its stick, landing on my back on the abominable high cantle all American saddles are built with, and hurting myself severely. I was miles from camp, so I had to grin and bear it; but I was quite knocked out of time as far as any more hunting was concerned.

On our way back we met Emmet, who had just missed by a few minutes seeing a battle royal between a couple of stags. The ground all round the field of encounter was regularly ploughed up by the struggle, and several broken tines were lying on the ground. The air was still reeking with the smell of elk when he got there, so he just missed a good thing.

My back was in a frightful condition when I got to camp. Poor Bob Emmet, the most sympathetic and kindest hearted of men, was horrified when he saw it, and began to talk about packing me out in a "travois," or Indian mule litter. Had the accident happened in a civilized part of the world, I should certainly have sent for a doctor, and probably have gone to bed for a week, but circumstances alter cases, and I could not afford to be laid up now. Jackson plied me with hot water fomentations till I was half boiled, and I rode eight and twenty miles next day, though there was not much left in me when I got to the end of it. Talking of what a man can do when he is driven to it, reminds me of an instance in my father's life, and he was one of the best and keenest all-round sportsmen I ever knew. Well, I suppose this craze for killing something runs through the blood. My grandfather, Sir Rose Price, had a craze for killing foxes, and hunted his own pack of foxhounds without

a subscription. He has a considerable portion allotted to him in the celebrated Billesdon Coplow run in a poem describing it, which was written nearly one hundred years ago.

The lines ran :

“ But how shall described be the fate of Rose Price,
Whose fav’rite white gelding conveyed him so nice?
Through thick and through thin, that he vowed and
 protested,

No money should part them as long as life lasted ;
But ‘ the pace ’ soon effected what money could not ;
For to part—and in death ! was their no distant lot.
In a fatal blind ditch Carlo Khan’s power failed,
Where, nor lancet, nor laudanum, either availed ;
More care of a horse than he took, could take no
 man ;

He’d more straw than would serve any lying-in woman.
Still he died ! yet just how, as nobody knows
It may truly be said—He died ‘ *under the rose* ’
At the death of poor Khan, Melton feels such remorse,
That they’ve christened *that* ditch, ‘ *The Vale of the
White Horse !* ’

Thus ended a chase, which for distance and speed,
Its fellow we never have heard of or read.”

But to return to my father. He had matched one of his horses with another

man for £100—one mile on the flat, owners up, and P.P. The race to take place at a local meeting.

Two days before the races, in pulling on a tight hunting boot, he carried away something in his back, or got a sudden touch of lumbago. Whatever it was, he went down as if shot, and had to be carried into bed.

He wrote to his friend, telling him what had happened, and asking him to put off the race for a few weeks. The gentleman could not hear of such a thing. It was P.P. He then wrote and offered to pay half forfeit (£50) to be let off. The answer was No; the race was P. P., and if he did not put in an appearance, the other would ride over the course, and claim the stakes. I need hardly say that he was perfectly within his rights in doing so, but my father thought that as an old friend of his he was a little too stiff about it (they really were great friends), and got in a towering rage, fancied himself pretty badly treated, and

did not relish losing his £100 either. He had a sheet cut into broad strips, and on the morning of the race got himself starch bandaged from the armpits down, till it felt like an iron casing, slipped on his colours, got helped into a brougham, was driven to the course, got helped on to his horse from a sort of platform, beat his friend by half a length, won his money, and nearly fainted as they brought him in to scale.

A man can do a good bit when he either "gets his back up," or has to, particularly if you breed them that way.

We had promised the General to be back on the 28th of September, as he wanted to get away into the Yellowstone Park. This was the 26th, and prior to my accident we had arranged to hunt next day, and go back to permanent camp on the 28th by a long march of about forty miles. It was quite evident I could not ride forty miles now; indeed, it was by no means certain that I could ride four until I tried, so we

determined to break camp next morning, and see how I got on.

The sun rose bright and clear, and Emmet started early with Tigee to hunt along our intended line of march. It was not without considerable regret that I rode away from the charming little camp where the days had passed so quickly and so pleasantly. Alas! that our greatest pleasures should always be the briefest. Our route lay across several high divides, and along the tops of a chain of mountains. On passing over one of these divides, *i.e.*, a series of steep rugged hills running at right angles to our objective point, we passed a curious landslip which had carried away about forty acres of the hillside, completely altering the course of a small burn. It had formed also a good-sized pond, out of which sprang a dozen or so of well-grown pine trees, which must have attained their present dimensions before the water came on them. It was strange and unnatural seeing these trees in such a position.

The highest divide gave us a long and tedious climb. Three of the pack-mules fell during the scramble, and it was a hard struggle to reach the top.

While resting at the summit Emmet joined us. He had killed a young bull elk, and had packed all the meat he could carry on his shooting pony, which he had to lead up the hill, so that he was very glad to transfer it to the pack-train. It was both curious and interesting to watch our two Indians conversing by the "sign language," as neither of them understood a word of the other's tongue, Shoshone and Sioux bearing about as much resemblance to each other as French does to English. The conversation was carried on entirely by movements of the hands, not as our deaf and dumb do by spelling each word out by letter, but by rapid passes, and holding the hands in different positions. I saw Tigee describe the whole of our hunt to Half Rope, on the occasion of my shooting the big wapiti, and from the Sioux's facial expres-

sion and gestures could easily perceive he understood all that was being said to him. Our deaf and dumb might learn something from the Red Indians.

The sign language is general among all the tribes of North American Indians, and forms a universal medium for conveying thought. John G. Bourke, in his most interesting book, "On the Border with Crook," writes: "After being refreshed with sleep, and a couple of good warm meals, the Crows were interrogated concerning all they knew of the position of the hostiles, their numbers, ammunition, and other points of the same kind. Squatting upon the ground, with fingers and hands deftly moving, they communicated through the sign language a detailed account of the advance of Terry, Gibbon, and Custer; the march of Custer; the attack upon the village of "Crazy Horse" and "Sitting Bull"; the massacre; the retreat of Reno; the investment; the arrival of fresh troops on the field; the carrying away of the wounded to

the steamboats; the sorrow in the command; and many other things, which would astonish persons ignorant of the scope and power of this silent vehicle for the interchange of thought."

This instance of the extraordinary scope of Indian sign language, if more thoroughly gone into and worked out, might almost be utilized as a sort of universal language. At any rate, it is so among the various tribes of Indians, and I see no reason why its manifest use should not be extended. Bourke's as well as my own account of what we saw shows, at any rate, what it is capable of.

We wended our way for some miles along the very tops of these mountain ridges, enjoying the exquisite views their high altitude afforded, until we arrived in sight of the valley of Pacific Creek, which lay over a thousand feet below us. The descent was about as abrupt as it was possible for animals to take, and it was really wonderful to see the laden mule-train do it. In places they had to shove their hind legs well under

them, extend their forelegs, and regularly slide down on their tails. I could not have had a better opportunity for criticising the merits or demerits of the aparajoe pack-saddle, as it was quite impossible for it to be tried higher than it was now. Not a load shifted during this most trying ordeal, and all the mules got down safely. I consider it unquestionably the best pack-saddle I ever saw, and for the mountain warfares we are so constantly engaged in, on our Indian frontier and other places, it would be invaluable.

We camped for the night in a grove of cotton-wood trees on the banks of Pacific Creek. I suffered a good deal of pain from my bruised back, and a twenty-eight miles' ride over a rough country was a bit of an ordeal under the circumstances. I was quite done up when we got in, but some strong soup and a good night's rest worked wonders, and I was ready next morning to start again. Our march lay along the north side of Pelican Lake, whose surface lay

calm and unruffled like a sheet of glass, save where it was broken by either a rising trout or the flapping of some sheldrake, or wild duck. The day was perfect, atmosphere clear, and scenery lovely. We had only one divide at all steep, mere child's play in comparison to our adventures of the day before, and a most enjoyable ride of about fifteen miles saw us once more located at our permanent camp on the Snake River.

Our advent was hailed with shouts of laughter and much chaffing at our dilapidated get-up. Our coats were torn and blood-stained, our beards unshaved, and unquestionably we compared indifferently with our friends on Snake River, who had plenty of time for adorning themselves while we were roughing it. Well, after a fortnight's hard work and, comparatively speaking, hard fare, it was very nice to sit down to a well-cooked dinner with a good glass of champagne, in a comfortable and commodious mess-tent in the very heart of the Rockies; and, while enjoying the

Doctor's hospitality, recount to our comrades the history of our hunt, and the ground we had gone over. We certainly had a lovely time, and it formed a brilliant wind-up to a delightful hunting party, for as far as sport was concerned, this was the end of it.

The Webb outfit had by no means been idle, and the Doctor, who had chiefly gone in for mountain sheep (*ovis montana*), had secured some good heads in a very difficult country for getting them. The united bag of the entire party was :

Elk (or wapiti)	43
Antelope	37
Mountain sheep or big-horn	14

besides various sorts of grouse, sage hens, wild ducks, and some few thousand trout.

From the time we left Caspar and the railways behind us (on the 28th of July), we had enjoyed almost every sort of shooting to be had on the Rockies, and unsurpassable trout fishing as well. This was accomplished in the most comfortable,

I may almost say luxurious, manner that one can imagine, in a wild and almost uninhabited country, far from any base for supplies. I had roughed it so often in the course of a hunter's life in every quarter of the globe, that my present experience was a very delightful novelty, and as our unusually luxurious surroundings never for an instant interfered with getting the greatest possible amount of sport, I enjoyed it all to the uttermost, and lived every single day. Occasionally one merely exists.

Our bag reads large, but there were seven guns, and about a hundred and fifty men, whose government rations of pork and beans required some little supplementing with fresh meat. Butchers' shops do not abound in the Rockies, and every ounce of meat we shot was eaten.

On the 29th of September the General, Emmet, Perry, and myself, started on our trip to the Yellowstone National Park. Lieutenant Ryan remained behind to take the mule-train back to Washakie over the

trail we had come out by, and as the wagons had already preceded him, the camp was now broken up. As our visit to the Park was somewhat of a flying one, we travelled in light marching order, our outfit consisting of a hunting wagon with four-mule team, and another four-mule-teamed wagon for tents, light baggage, and mess-kit, two drivers, two packers, and a couple of servants mounted.

The first part of our journey was through the park-like country so often alluded to, a combination of mountains, rivers, and open meadow lands, until we came to a military outpost on Snake River, where we halted for lunch. The post, consisting of a couple of comfortable log huts, is built on the banks of the river, and overlooking it. The sergeant in charge there told me the fishing was excellent, some of the trout running up to 7 lb. After leaving the post we had a long and uninteresting drive through timber, eventually camping for the night in a very pretty situation on Lewis

River, well inside the bounds of the Yellowstone Park.

Next morning our road lay up Lewis River, and, passing some picturesque falls on it, soon came to a fine sheet of water, called Lewis Lake, 7,720 feet above the sea. We saw some black-tail deer close to the road, probably about fifty yards off, and had they been in Richmond or Windsor Parks they could not have shown less alarm at our appearance. No shooting of any sort or description is permitted; and though the rule did not apply to us with regard to firearms, owing to the General's official position, all tourists are obliged to leave their guns at the first station of the Park guard, where the sergeant in charge gives a receipt for them, and they are returned to their owners again on leaving. Of course, we could not shoot, but all animals in the Park are so tame that there would have been but little sport in killing them.

We got to Yellowstone Lake for lunch, and, camping close to the water, spent the

afternoon in visiting the geysers in our vicinity.

Yellowstone Lake, 7,788 feet above sea level, embraces an area of about a hundred and fifty square miles, and is the largest body of water in North America at so great an altitude. There are several islands on it, and in many places it is said to be fifty fathoms deep. The trout fishing is excellent; and in one geyser, which was pointed out to us, rising above the lake's surface, and only a few feet from the shore, a person can catch trout, and without removing them from the hook, drop them in the boiling water in the crater of the cone, and cook them at the end of his line. Our time was too limited for me to sample the fishing, and as I was told that the lake trout, though taking freely, were infested with parasites in the shape of worms, possibly I did not miss much. I may observe, however, that I never noticed any in the several Park rivers we fished in. When cooked they were invariably quite first-class. Our

camp was near the West Thumb lunch station, and the quarters of a detachment of U.S. soldiers, under the command of a sergeant. A small steamer from an adjacent pier was waiting to take tourists round the islands, a cruise of about forty miles, and shortly after our arrival we saw them go on board and depart.

We then turned our attention to the geysers, comprising about sixty hot springs, paint-pots, and geyser cones. Some lay quiescent, others had a slight overflow. In all the water was beautifully clear, blue, and at about boiling point. The ebullitions, called the paint-pots, were most curious, and those at West Thumb are supposed to be the best worth seeing of the many similar ones scattered about the Park.

Their basin, about fifty feet in diameter, is a seething mass of beautifully-coloured, finely-granulated clay of many colours, the prevailing tints being pink and red in varying shades. All these are bubbling and popping about, making funny little noises.

They seem to possess a sort of weird fascination, as I could hardly tear myself away from watching them.

Some of the little pots kept flopping out blobs of coloured mud that formed perfect models of flowers.

Roses, tulips, and water lilies predominated, and followed each other in rapid succession ; but a very slight stretch of the imagination readily produced many more varieties, and the interest lay in watching for the next production, and wondering what it would be. These little eruptions were seldom more than from three to five inches high, but round the edge of the basin were a dozen or so of hollow, hard mud cones, between two and three feet high, and these at intervals discharged sprirts of liquid mud from four to seven feet in the air, according to the force of the eruption. Altogether it was about as queer an exhibition on the part of nature as I ever witnessed, and really was most wonderfully interesting.

After a swim in the lake, next morning

we started again, our route laying past Duck Lake and Lake Shoshone. The latter has an area of about a dozen square miles, with an irregular shore line and heavily timbered slopes. On the west shore there are several large geysers and numerous interesting springs. From Shoshone Point we had a last view of our old friends the Tetons, at whose base we had been camped on Snake River, and shortly after crossed the Continental Divide, 8,350 feet above the sea.



CHAPTER IX.

Park hotels—Upper Geyser Basin—Old Faithful—
An undress reception—Trout fishing in the Fire-
hole River—The Lower Geyser Basin—Tame-ness
of wild animals in the Park—Hell's Half Acre—
The Mammoth Paint-Pots—Gibbon Falls and
Cañon—Morris Geyser Basin.



THE Park commissioners have put down excellent and well-graded roads to the principal places of interest, with the distances marked on the milestones, and where requisite the height above sea level. At present there are four hotels and three lunch stations, the former being only open during the short season of June, July, August, and September. All these are under the management of the Yellowstone Park Associa-

tion. The table is good, and they are all lighted with electricity and heated with steam.

After leaving Shoshone Point we drove past Kepler Cascades, which were pretty, without being magnificent. They drop between a hundred and a hundred and fifty feet, through a rocky chasm, and leap over a succession of small falls in their descent. Both sides are thickly wooded and show it off to perfection, making it a very picturesque spot. A little distance further brought us to the station at the Upper Geyser Basin, where we had lunch at the hotel, from which we could see plainly one of the most popular and best known geysers in the Park—Old Faithful. As this basin is one of the most important, I think it well to describe it in Mr. Guptill's own words, 'in an interesting little work he has published about the Park.

" The Upper Geyser Basin is triangular in form and embraces an area of about four square miles ; it contains twenty-six geysers

and upwards of four hundred hot springs. Iron Spring Creek bounds it on the west; timbered mountain slopes, extending from south-east to north-west, from the hypotenuse of the triangle; and a wavy line of dark forest conifers, its southern base. The main Firehole River drains it, centrally; its shelving banks are thickly pitted with steaming hot springs and studded with mounds and cones of geyserite. Here, grouped within the narrow space of perhaps a square mile, are the grandest and mightiest geysers known to man, and silent pools of scalding meteoric water, that for beauty of formation and delicacy of colouring are simply marvels. The surface of the basin consists for the most part of a succession of gentle undulations, each crowned with a geyser-cone or hot spring vent and covered with layers of silicious sinter and crumbling carbonaceous deposits, that give it a grayish-white sepulchral hue. Clouds of vapour hang shroud-like above it; the earth trembles and is filled with strange rum-

blings; the air is heavy with sulphurous fumes, and vegetable life is extinct."

In a paper read before the Cardiff Naturalists' Society, Prof. C. T. Whitwell says: "Nowhere else, I believe, can be seen, on so grand a scale, such clear evidence of dying volcanic action. We seem to witness the death-throes of some great American Enceladus. Could Dante have seen this region he might have added another terror to his *Inferno*." Continuing, the same writer quotes Lord Dunraven, as saying that "a view of Firehole Valley gave him the impression that some modern cities had been overwhelmed, and had so lately sunk amid flames into the bowels of the earth, that the smoke of their ruins was still ascending through heaps of smouldering ashes."

Truthful and excellent descriptions of this marvellous locality, except that I cannot agree with the professor about the "clear evidence of dying volcanic action." It seemed to me all very much alive; and

the way Old Faithful spirts out a column of boiling water two feet in diameter to a height of one hundred and fifty feet with the utmost regularity every sixty-three minutes, day and night, speaks of anything but a moribund condition. I should be inclined to think that the volcanic action was so strong, that some day or other a great eruption, like the one in New Zealand, might astonish the tourists very considerably, and unpleasantly convince everyone that there was no sort of "die" about it. Well, I hope not, for it is a marvellous and beautiful sight, and long may it continue to delight and surprise many generations yet unborn.

Old Faithful's regularity is delightfully accommodating, and as the people about it know to within a couple of minutes the exact time it takes action, we gathered round it and waited for the display. The crater is an oblong opening two by six feet on the inside, and four by eight on the outside; it is situated on a mound of geyserite,

measuring at the base one hundred and forty-five by two hundred and fifteen feet, and at the top twenty by fifty-four feet, the whole rising about twelve feet above the level surrounding. This mound is composed of layers of deposit, in a succession of distinctly marked terraces which are full of shallow, basin-like pools, the water of which is clear as crystal; their edges or rims exquisitely beaded and fretted, and their bottoms showing delicate tints of rose, saffron, orange, brown, and gray. The north end of the crater has large globular masses of beaded, pearly deposit, and its throat is of a dark yellow, or rusty colour. Its eruption began with a few spasmodic spirts of from two to four feet high, throwing over the sides of the crater a volume of water. It seemed as if it were taking breath for what was to follow, for in five or six minutes from the first appearance of disturbance, up shot abruptly a huge column of boiling water some one hundred and fifty feet in the air, where it remained apparently stationary

about three minutes, after which it subsided with convulsive jerks, and the pool once more became still and silent.

We spent some time visiting and inspecting the most interesting of the twenty-six geysers and four hundred hot springs that were scattered all over the place. Some were actively at work, throwing up volumes of boiling water and steam; others were quiescent, waiting for the spirit to move them. To see the whole system properly would really take weeks. The eruptions all take place with more or less regularity, varying from minutes to hours and days. I believe there are two or three geysers in the Park that only favour the world with a sample of what they can do when they like once a year. To describe all the wonders of this most marvellous region a man should not only be a scientist, which I certainly am not, but he would have to reside here for years, watching and making notes; and it would take a pretty bulky volume to hold all he had to say

about it. It was all most wonderful and intensely interesting, giving rise to theories, conjectures, and strange thoughts ; but we had to tear ourselves away, and once more continued our journey.

We halted for the night near a detachment of U.S. Cavalry, in a regular blizzard of hail, snow, and rain. It came down in torrents. As luck would have it, Lieutenant Cress, in command, was able to let us have an empty house, which saved us the discomfort of having to pitch our tents on wet ground in a blinding storm. We soon had a roaring fire, and after a good dinner, settled our beds on the floor, and congratulated ourselves on getting such friendly shelter, while we smoked the pipe of peace, preparatory to turning in.

Next morning the storm had abated, though the ground was white with snow. The day was bright and sunny, and while we were all tubbing in delightful unconsciousness of impending danger, all the officers of the detachment marched in to

pay their official call of duty to the General. The last time I took part in such an undress function was amongst African natives on the head waters of the Ancobra, and we were about as fully attired as the nigger chiefs were then.

However, our visitors were all kindness and hospitality, and arranged to take us round the sights of the Lower Geyser Basin when we had more clothes on; so they took their departure, having settled to call for us after lunch.

Our house was situated between the Nez-perces and Firehole Rivers, about fifteen yards from the former, and some one hundred from the latter. A hot spring, the temperature a little below boiling, was within ten yards of it, and as we proposed remaining here over night, our servants seized the opportunity for a general washing of clothes in nature's laundry. The water was soft, lathered freely, and the result was most successful.

Emmet and myself started off to fish.

I commenced in the Nez-perces, and got half-pounders and pound trout as fast as I could pull them out, from a nice little pool not twenty yards from the house. This continued until they got a bit shy, and as the Firehole River was so close, I thought I would sample it also ; so, though the fish were rising fast enough to have quite satisfied me on ordinary occasions, I walked over to the other river. It was much the larger of the two, and the trout were a little bigger also. The fish were both greedy and game, and as I worked up the stream my basket rapidly grew heavier. I only had a couple of hours to play with, as we had arranged to visit the geysers after lunch, so I flogged away until I came to a part where a hot spring lay on the river's brink, its outside rim of geyserite just lapping the water.

I had not had time at the Yellowstone Lake to try from the fishing cone there, to catch and boil a trout without removing it from the hook, or touching it with the

hand, and here was a chance of performing so unique a feat. Getting close to the hot pool, I commenced casting carefully. The fish, which had up to this been rising freely enough, seemed suddenly afflicted with a fit of shyness, or had conspired together to baulk my fancy. I could not move a fin. Time was getting short. I looked at my watch, and found I only had fifteen minutes to spare. More line and a longer cast to take me beyond the water already flogged, and flop, whirr, I am well stuck into a game pounder. I never met so perverse a little beggar. I had been pulling out as large and larger trout all the morning without any sort of trouble, and here was the only fish I was in the least anxious about, behaving like a veritable fiend. He ran up the river ; he got into weeds, and I nearly lost him ; he got round a rock, and almost cut the cast ; he ran down the river ; the stream was rapid, and I had to get him up again. However, I got him under control at last. Fortunately the cast was a

strong one, and working him up to the edge of the crater, one strong pull on a short line dropped him into the boiling water, and the feat was accomplished.

Now, as the world is very much given to strain at gnats and swallow camels, the dear little lady who loves and admires the sweet little lambs, and who enjoys them so thoroughly with mint sauce a very few hours after she has expressed her admiration, may say on reading this, "What a cruel monster to boil a fish alive!" Let me assure her that death was more instantaneous than had the object of her sympathy either been rapped on the head or had its neck broken, the two recognized methods of performing the happy despatch ; and the trout was thoroughly cooked well under ten minutes afterwards.

On getting back I found Emmet had enjoyed equally good sport, and between us we filled a large wash-tub, which was more than enough for all hands.

After luncheon we drove, with Lieutenant

Cress as our cicerone (he had been quartered here all the summer, and knew just where to take us) to the Lower Geyser Basin, an area of over 40 square miles, in which Dr. Hayden, in his official survey of the Park region, has catalogued 693 hot springs, exclusive of 17 geysers. The general elevation is about 7,250 feet, while the surrounding slopes, which are for the most part heavily timbered, are 400 to 800 feet higher. The central portion of the basin is a nearly level plateau, six or seven miles in width, only partially timbered, and covered either with spring deposit or marsh.

The Fountain Hotel, one of the largest in the Park, is situated on the east side of the valley, commanding an extensive view of the surroundings. It has electric light, steam heat, and is the only hotel in the Park having natural hot water baths. While driving by it, we saw two large black bears walking about in the most unconcerned manner. In fact, the bears have

become so tame from years of unmolested sanctuary, that they regularly follow the cart conveying hotel refuse to the dump heap, and it is not unusual to see ten or twelve of them together, black, cinnamon, and grizzly; they all turn up about meal time, and do not show the slightest alarm at the sight of man. When one who knows anything about bears in countries where they are hunted remembers their extraordinary keenness of scent, and how they will jump on winding a human being a quarter of a mile off, their tameness here is really very remarkable.

We commenced our tour of the geysers at the "Fountain" about 700 yards from the hotel. The formation or deposit from the waters of this geyser covers an area of several acres, the crater of which is 30 feet in diameter, surrounded by a rim-like edge. The eruptions occur at uncertain intervals, generally from two to four hours. The Clepsydra Spring, the Great Fountain, Excelsior Geyser, and about a dozen others

were all visited. The Excelsior, in the section known as "Hell's Half Acre," is on the west bank of Firehole River. It is 330 feet in length, by 200 feet in width at the widest part. The water is of a deep blue, always in a state of agitation, with clouds of steam ascending from its surface. Eruptions of from 75 to 250 feet were noticed here in the year 1881, and not again until 1888, when some very violent ones occurred, enlarging the crater 100 feet, and hurling masses of the rocky formation 200 to 250 feet in the air, some of which fell 500 feet from the crater. These measurements are all taken from Guptill.

We did the "Surprise," "White Dome," "Firehole Spring," "Buffalo Spring," and "Mushroom." The "Firehole," which gives its name to the river, was one of the most singular. Flashes of blue light resembling flames dart from its cavernous depths, and quite give one the idea of real fire. I fear it would become tedious if I went on describing each particular geyser,

their general formation being very much alike. They are more interesting to see than to read about ; and I really feel how hopeless it is to convey by mere words the marvels and wonders of this extraordinary region to my readers' perception. A scientist, to a scientist, might give details of absorbing interest from a purely scientific point of view, but the spectacle cannot be conveyed—that can only be seen.

We finished our tour of inspection at the Mammoth Paint-Pots. They were not so interesting as those we had visited at West Thumb, on the Yellowstone Lake. Guptill describes them as being a few hundred feet east of the "Fountain." "This remarkable mud cauldron has a basin which measures forty by sixty feet with a mud rim on three sides, which is from four to five feet in height. In this basin is a mass of fine whitish substance which is in a state of constant agitation. It resembles some vast boiling pot of paint, or bed of mortar, with numerous points of ebullition ; and the constant boiling

has reduced the contents to a thoroughly mixed mass of silicious clay. There is a continuous boiling up of mud, producing sounds like a hoarsely-whispered 'plop, plop,' which rises in hemispherical masses, cones, rings, and jets. On the north side of the mud basin the rim is low, and forms the north edge of a flat of pink and red, which is cracked and seamed, and over which are scattered thirty or forty mud cones, generally of a pink or rose colour—though a few are gray—averaging from two to three feet in height." This finished the Lower Geyser Basin, and, after looking at the hotel, which closed that day for the winter, we drove back to our quarters in the empty house, well satisfied with our day's work.

Next day our drive was a very beautiful one. For several miles it lay along the Firehole River. As we got further up it became one of the most ideal trout streams I ever saw—lovely holding ground for fish, plenty of food, and delightfully easy to cast

over, with a rapid, but not a too rapid, flow of water. I had tested its capabilities near our last camp and knew it to be full of trout. If ever I come into the Park again I shall certainly camp on its banks for a week's fishing, and strongly advise any fisherman who visits the Yellowstone country to do likewise. There are many good rivers in the Park, but for choice I should take the Firehole. Still further on we came to another nice river, the Gibbon, which, when united with the Firehole River, forms the Madison River, one of the three principal sources of the Missouri.

We again crossed the Continental Divide, which runs in a somewhat twisting and turning manner through the Park, and saw the Gibbon Falls and Cañon. The Cañon is remarkably fine, and well worth a visit. The precipitous cliffs on each side in places run up to two thousand feet in height, and numerous little puffs of steam arising from either bank of the river give evidence of

the countless hot springs with which the gorge abounds.

Farther on we came to the Gibbon Paint-Pots, very similar in appearance to those already described. The main attraction has a funnel-shaped crater, with walls of finely ground clay extending about six feet high. Each puff of steam through the thick, pasty material in the bottom of the crater moulds a perfect rose in full bloom, soon to be replaced by one equally as perfect.

A little farther, and we drive through Elk Park, a beautiful valley, with the Gibbon River winding through it, surrounded by heavily timbered hills and mountains, and then arrive at Morris Geyser Basin, covering an area of six square miles, and being one of the highest geyser basins in the Park. The geysers here have not the eruptive violence of those of the Upper Basin which we had already visited, though they had marked characteristics of their own quite as interesting. The Congress was quite a

novelty, the vapour rushing through an opening in the rocks with a roaring which on a still day could be heard miles away. This we had not seen on anything like so large a scale in any of the other formations we had visited. The Black Growler and Hurricane geysers, within a few feet of each other, were very curious. The deposit surrounding the edge of the crater of the former was nearly as black as ink, and the latter discharged a succession of jets of boiling, muddy water, very dark in colour, and with a particularly unpleasant smell. The "Constant," or "Minute Man," was an accommodating little geyser, with an eruption every sixty seconds, with but little variation. Its jets were thrown about forty feet in the air.

There is a fiendish, uncanny appearance about all these geysers, but in the vicinity of the Black Growler it is absolutely diabolical. Old Pluto seems hard at work down below doing something. The blackness of the crater's edge, the hideous roar-

ing of escaping steam, the strong odour of sulphur, and the dead and perishing trees and vegetation all hint darkly of a close vicinity to the infernal regions.

A drive of about a mile brought us to Morris Basin, where we pitched our tents for the night on a timbered plateau overlooking a pleasant little trout stream. The hotel here had just closed for the season, but we had plenty of company, as shortly after our arrival the Webb party marched in, with Lieutenant Preston in command of the escort. We dined together, the General providing the welcome, and our guests the champagne. We all had our individual hunts to dilate on since we last met, and we sat long round the blazing camp fire, recounting our experiences, singing songs, and smoking many pipes, with the bright stars twinkling merrily through the foliage of the pine trees high above us.



CHAPTER X.

The Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone—Beaver Lake
—Obsidian Cliff—Golden Gate—Mammoth Hot
Springs.



NEXT day formed an epoch in my life, so I must give it in full, October 4th, 1897, as on it I visited the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone. It was also a pretty busy day for our cattle, as Cognac drove his mule-team forty-seven miles, and brought them in as fresh as paint, and ready to do another forty-eight on the top of it if asked to do so. A rattling good team they were, and no mistake. No four mules could have a better or more careful driver than my sable acquaintance Cognac.

He was a capital man all round, and cool

as a cucumber in a really tight place. I had seen him in a good many since leaving Caspar in July, and I don't believe an earthquake would have upset his equanimity while he fingered the ribbons. A good road runs from Norris, nearly due east to the Great Falls and Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone. After an early breakfast, General Coppinger, Emmet, and myself set off in the wagon with Cognac to visit them, the distance being a little over twelve miles.

Our route lay up the valley of the Gibbon River, through Virginia Cañon. We passed some enormous boulders of rock that had in remote ages been detached from the cliffs above us, and, turning sharply to the left, came on a pretty part of the river called the Virginia Cascades. Undulating forest land, with occasional small open parks of meadow grass, lay before us. Occasionally we got clear and extended views of the surrounding country, showing lofty ranges of timber-clad mountains in all directions,

and many miles away, until at last we reached the vicinity of the cañon and the falls. The road follows, as near as possible, the edge of the cañon from the falls to Inspiration Point, about three miles distant; and as we drove along it, we halted at the various points from which the best views could be obtained, and where railed platforms had been constructed for the safety and convenience of visitors.

I have seen a good many cañons in the course of my life at different times and in different places. The cañon of Green River, where it issues from the Wind River Mountains is, I think, deeper; and the Yosemite Valley, where I once spent three weeks, is larger again; but I never saw any that left such a curious impression as the one I gazed into here. There is something weird and uncanny in the entire geyser system, which extends through the greater portion of the Park, and it seems to culminate at the Grand Cañon.

From Point Lookout, 1,500 feet above the river and Lower Falls, the view creates more terror than delight. The flare of colour, red, yellow, orange, and brown, with green mosses and steam of geysers, with the dashing of the roaring current so far below, positively made me creep. My feelings were an extraordinary combination of delight and awe, and I could not tell even now which sensation predominated. They may certainly be numbered among the greatest sights of the world, and their magnificence is unquestionable, no matter what sensations they may create. Different people see things in different ways; and I saw some tourists viewing this stupendous work of nature with as little concern as they might have exhibited at a show of Punch and Judy.

On a pinnacle of rock, a hundred or more feet below where I was standing, was an osprey's nest. Had there been eggs in it I might have counted them. From another point of vantage I got an

extended view along the cañon for some miles that was very grand; but for a description, I think one written by the Rev. Dr. Hoyt conveys so truthful an idea of what I really saw, that I am tempted to give it in the doctor's own words: "Well, we have reached Cascade Creek at last, and a beautiful grove of trees, beneath whose shade a clear stream, whose waters are free from the nauseous taste of alkali, furnish a delightful place to camp. Now, dismounting and seeing your horse is well cared for, walk up that trail winding by the hillside, follow it for a little among the solemn pines, and then pass out from the tree shadows and take your stand upon that jutting rock. Cling to it well, and be sure of your footing, for your head will possibly grow dizzy, and there opens before you one of the most stupendous scenes of nature—the Lower Falls and the cañon of the Yellowstone. Where shall I begin, and how shall I, in any wise, describe this tremendous sight; its overpowering grand-

eur, and at the same time its inexpressible beauty?

“Look yonder! Those are the Lower Falls of the Yellowstone. They are not the grandest in the world, but there are none more beautiful. There is not the breadth and dash of Niagara, nor is there the tremendous depth of leap of some of the waterfalls of the Yosemite. But there is majesty of its own kind, and beauty too. On either side are vast pinnacles of sculptured rock. There, where the rock opens for the river, its waters are compressed from a width of two hundred and ten feet between the Upper and Lower Falls, to less than one hundred feet when it takes the plunge. The shelf of rock over which it leaps is absolutely level. The water seems to wait a moment on its verge; then it passes with a single bound three hundred and sixty feet into the gorge below. It is a sheer, unbroken, compact, shining mass of silver foam. But your eyes are all the while distracted from the

fall itself, great and beautiful as it is, to its marvellous setting ; to the surprising, overmastering cañon into which the river leaps, and through which it flows, dwindling to but a foamy ribbon there in its appalling depths. The falls unroll their whiteness down amid the cañon's gloom. Their rocky sides are almost perpendicular ; indeed, in many places the boiling springs have gouged them out so as to leave overhanging cliffs and tables at the top. Take a stone and throw it over ; you have to wait long before you hear it strike. Nothing more awful have I ever seen than the yawning of that chasm. And the stillness, solemn as midnight, profound as death. The water dashing there, as in a kind of agony, against these rocks, you cannot hear. The mighty distance lays the finger of silence on its white lips. You are oppressed with a sense of danger. It is as though the vastness would soon force you from the rock to which you cling. The silence, the sheer depth, the gloom burden

you. It is a relief to feel the firm earth beneath your feet again, as you carefully crawl back from your perching place.

“ But this is not all, nor is the half yet told. As soon as you can stand it, go out on that jutting rock again and mark the sculpturing of God upon those vast and solemn walls. By dash of wind and wave ; by forces of the frost ; by file of snow plunge, and glacier, and mountain torrents ; by the hot breath of boiling springs, those walls have been cut into the most various and surprising shapes. And then, and almost beyond all else, are you fascinated by the magnificence and utter opulence of colour. Those are not simple gray and hoary depths, and reaches, and domes, and pinnacles of sullen rock. The whole gorge flames. It is as though rainbows had fallen out of the sky and hung themselves there like glorious banners. The underlying colour is the clearest yellow ; this flushes onward into orange. Down at the base the deepest mosses unroll their draperies

of the most vivid green ; browns, sweet and soft, do their blending ; white rocks stand spectral ; turrets of rock shoot up as crimson as though they were drenched through with blood. It is a wilderness of colour. It is impossible that even the pencil of an artist can tell it. What you would call (accustomed to the softer tints of nature) a great exaggeration, would be the utmost tameness compared with the reality. It is as if the most glorious sunset you ever saw had been caught and held upon that resplendent, awful gorge." A pretty bit of word-painting, and not in the least overdrawn. The altitude of the edge of the cañon is a little over seven thousand feet above the sea.

We were pressed for time, as we still had a thirty-six miles' drive before us, so reluctantly had to tear ourselves away ; but I could well have put in a week at the comfortable hotel close by, varying the time with a little trout fishing in the Yellowstone River, which they tell me is pretty good.

On our way back we stopped for a few minutes at the Grand Cañon Hotel, situated on some rising ground one thousand feet above the Lower Falls. It commands a fine view of the open park-like country on the opposite side of the gorge, which, in the early part of the season, shows large herds of elk to the people staying there. I noticed a particularly fine head of one over the entrance door to the hotel. We drove back to Norris, and, after giving our team an hour's rest after their twenty-six miles' spin, started for the Mammoth Hot Springs about twenty-one miles further.

It was an interesting and very beautiful drive. I started before the wagon, and walked for a couple of miles before it overtook me, passing on my way many hot springs and vapour puffings on each side of the road. Frying Pan, Roaring Mountain, Mineral Lake, and Twin Lake were the points of attraction, until we got to Beaver Lake, a picturesque little piece of water

about a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide.

Owing to the strict enforcement of Park regulations concerning the destruction of game, beaver have taken up their abode in the lake named after them. We saw a couple swimming fearlessly about, and in the little stream running out of it we passed by quite a number of their dams. I have hunted and killed a good many beaver at various times, and, being from experience well acquainted with their habits, was much surprised at the little concern these creatures displayed at our approach. As a rule they are extremely shy, and timid to a degree. I was greatly pleased at this. They are most interesting, I may almost say instructive, little animals, and to be able to watch them going about their daily task in an absolutely free and untrammelled state of nature will be a very high privilege to frequenters of the Park. The lake was also full of wild fowl, chiefly duck and geese, and these also were unusually free

from alarm. Many of my readers will know how extremely shy and hard to get near the ordinary wild goose is, as many and many a time I have found, to my extreme annoyance. These, I believe, you might have thrown stones at before they would have taken wing.

I have spent a considerable portion of my life in killing birds and beasts of all sorts and descriptions, but, singular contradiction, I have a great affection for them as well; and one of the chief attractions of the Park to me was the wonderful tameness of all living creatures. For the very bears here I felt an affection, and would not have one of them destroyed. Black-tailed deer we frequently saw within a few feet of the road as we drove past them. They simply looked at us and went on feeding.

The true sportsman is not a butcher, and the birds and animals in the Park will to him be an unceasing delight. The greatest praise (and thanks) are due to the different detachments of U.S. troops, who do so

much towards preserving these objects of unfailing interest, not only to their own countrymen, but to the world at large.

The next point of interest, after leaving Beaver Lake, was the Obsidian Cliff. It is a black mass of volcanic glass close to the road, which in its vicinity is metalled with the *débris*. It is about two hundred and fifty feet high, in vertical columns of pentagonal-shaped blocks, which glitter and sparkle in the sun. This, in the old days of bows and arrows, was the great Indian arsenal, and to it resorted all the principal tribes for the manufacture of their arrow-heads. Sioux, Shoshones, Arapahoes, and many others met here on a neutral ground, to manufacture the weapons for their mutual destruction later on ; but here, at any rate, was the hatchet buried. Chips of obsidian and partly-finished arrow-heads are still to be found at many of the old Indian camping grounds throughout the Park.

Still further on, and we come to the Apollinaris Spring, and of course stop and

sample it. The water is refreshing, and not unlike that of the name it bears, though much less pungent than the article of commerce. I drank once a far more sparkling and a better water at the Soda Springs in Siskiyou County, California. This water was a little too flat. Passing Willow and Indian Creeks, which, on joining, form Gardiner River, we came to Swan Lake. Swans and pelicans abound here and throughout the Park, but the season was too far advanced for them now, and they had all migrated. We had a fine view of different snow-clad ranges of mountains from the lake. To the west were the Gallatin Mountains, having an elevation of 10,578 feet. To the north Electric Peak, the highest mountain in that part of the Park, its summit being 11,125 feet above sea level. The view here was indescribably grand. We were now on the down grade, and a rapid descent soon brought us to the Golden Gate.

This entrance and exit to the Park is so

named through the yellow colour of the cañon walls. It is a rugged narrow pass formed by the passage of the Gardiner River through solid rock. So little room is there, owing to the abrupt cliffs rising from two hundred to three hundred feet, that at the turn where the rock had been blasted away to form a road bed, the road itself runs over a wooden platform for some distance, which is supported by trestles jutting out from the cliff. I have no doubt it is strong enough for all practical purposes, but it looks a bit creepy, and we negotiated it in a cautious manner.

At the eastern entrance stands a pillar some twelve feet high, originally a portion of the cañon before it was blasted away for the construction of the road. It has a singular appearance, and is invariably selected by the amateur photographer as one of his subjects. I need hardly say that, during the season, the "You touch the button and we do the rest" fraternity, fairly swarm here. Four miles further, with the brake

hard down all the way, and we pass, as the shades of night are beginning to fall on us, Fort Yellowstone ; and a few minutes afterwards arrive at the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel, where we put up for the night. Colonel Young, commanding the U.S. troops in the Park, entertained us at dinner, and next morning very kindly sent us round with a team and a guide, to visit the various points of interest in the locality.

Fort Yellowstone, the headquarters of the U.S. troops in the Park, is a two-troop cavalry post, permanently occupied. During the summer months various detachments are quartered through the Park to prevent wanton destruction, poaching, fires, and a general breach of good manners, should the rowdy element invade it. With them are associated a force of scouts for the extra preservation of the game. Rules and regulations have been laid down by the U.S. commissioners for the protection of all objects of general interest and for the comfort and safety of the public ; these

rules the troops quartered here see enforced.

The Mammoth Hot Springs are seven thousand feet above the sea, and, since the destruction of Rotomahanna and its pink terraces, are, I believe, without a rival. The formation extends over one hundred and seventy acres, and there are thirteen distinct terraces and over fifty active springs. A curious cone, fifty-two feet high and twenty feet in diameter at its base, stands on level ground near the hotel. It is called Liberty Cap, and is the outcome of an extinct hot spring. We drove up the side of a hill by a winding road, to where we could command a view of the entire formation, and see the various terraces as a whole, after which we set about visiting the most interesting features in detail. Dr. Hayden, who was employed by the U.S. government, gives an exhaustive and most accurate account of all these wonders. In his report of 1871 he describes these springs as follows: "The wonderful transparency of the water sur-

passes anything of the kind I have ever seen in any other part of the world. The sky, with the smallest cloud that flits across it, is reflected in its limpid depths, and the ultramarine colours, more vivid than the sea, are greatly heightened by the constant gentle vibration. One can look down into the clear depths and see with perfect distinctness the minutest ornaments on the inner sides of the basins ; and the exquisite beauty of the colouring and the infinite variety of form baffle any attempt to portray them either with pen or brush. Around the borders of the springs, especially those of rather low temperature, and on the sides and bottoms of the numerous little channels of the streams that flow into these springs, there is a striking variety of the most vivid colours. I can only compare them to our most brilliant aniline dyes ; various shades of red, from the brightest scarlet to a bright rose tint ; also yellow, from deep sulphur through all the shades of light cream colour. There are also various shades of green,

from the peculiar vegetation. These springs are filled with minute vegetable forms, which, under the microscope, prove to be diatoms, among which Dr. Billings describes *palmelia* and *osculara*. There is also in the little streams that flow from the boiling springs a great quantity of a fibrous silky substance, apparently vegetable, which vibrates at the slightest movement of the water, and has the appearance of the finest quality of Cashmere wool. When the waters are still, these silken masses become encrusted with lime, the delicate vegetable threads disappear, and a fibrous spongy mass remains like delicate snow-white coral."

The spring overflowing Jupiter Terrace is the largest on the formation. It is nearly one hundred feet in diameter, and the terrace covers an area of five acres. East of the spring, on the slopes leading down from the edge of the terrace, are some of the handsomest basins found here. From their shape they are called Pulpit Terrace.

We visited a number of others less important, but we were working against time, and ours was limited, so with a parting glance at Minerva Terrace—one of the best—we tore ourselves away and returned to the hotel, where Colonel Young had a fresh team waiting to take us to Cinnabar (Montana) where we had arranged to meet Dr. Seward Webb.



CHAPTER XI.

Yellowstone Park—Retrospect—Dr. Seward Webb's Special—The "Ellesmere"—Devil's Slide—The General leaves us—We run eighty-five miles an hour between Omaha and Chicago—Wagner car building—British Conservatism—The party breaks up.



THE distance between Mammoth Hot Springs, and Cinnabar, the terminus of the Park Branch Railroad, is only seven miles, but as the descent in that short drive is a trifle over two thousand feet, we had plenty of use for the brake. Fortunately it was a strong one, for we spun along about as fast as four mules could take us, and had it carried away, or ceased to act, we should have come to grief badly. We did the distance, a little over seven miles, in thirty-

five minutes—pretty good going. About two miles from the hotel we passed Boiling River, one of the several places in the Park where a trout may be caught in the cold stream and cooked in a hot one, without any change of position. We passed through the little town of Gardiner, a supply station for miners, hunting parties, and campers-out, situated a few feet outside the Park limits, and three miles further brought us to Cinnabar.

Thus finished our trip through the Yellowstone National Park. It had been one of the most intense interest "from find to finish," and it was impossible for anyone to have done it with greater ease and comfort. But what a Park it is! What a playground for a nation! Where, in any other country in the world, is there anything like it? It embraces in its limits (seventy-five miles north and south, by sixty-five miles east and west) mountains from ten thousand to fourteen thousand feet above the sea—no valley has an elevation of less than six

thousand feet ; the geysers out-class anything of the kind in the known world. There are over fifty that throw a column of hot water from thirty to two hundred and fifty feet in the air, at intervals of from one minute to fourteen days, and often longer.

The Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone, ten miles long, with an average depth of twelve hundred feet, unsurpassed for brilliancy of colouring by anything in nature ; the Mammoth Hot Springs, with their coloured terraces ; cliffs of volcanic glass ; waterfalls, mountains of petrifications ; hills of brimstone ; everlastingly snow-clad peaks—all these, with many more, too numerous to mention, are embraced in the People's Park, and over a thousand miles of some of the best trout fishing in the world is thrown in to help them to enjoy it. Our American cousins have every right to feel proud of their magnificent playground, and they have conferred a benefit on the entire world by preserving it in its entirety for the national use. It makes me shudder to

think what might have happened, but for the wise forethought that dedicated this grand property to the people of America and their heirs for ever.

And now that we are about to leave the Rockies, let us go in for a little retrospect, and see what we have done since striking them in the beginning of July.

There were the inspections of the outposts, the great gathering of Sioux Indians, and the visit to Custer's battle-field. Our march from Caspar to Fort Washakie, along the North Platte and Sweet Water Rivers. Our further march along the Wind River at the base of the Wind River Mountains, and crossing the Divide; grouse shooting, duck shooting, and trout fishing *en route*. Our big game shooting on Buffalo Creek and in Jackson's Hole, and, at last, the Yellowstone Park, in October. An entire summer spent on the Rockies, with every kind of creature comfort that unlimited transport could supply. All these, with the best and cheeriest of companions,

and delightful hosts in General Coppinger and Dr. Seward Webb, make it a very delightful retrospect to me ; and for many years (if I live them) shall I still continue looking back, and think of what a happy and delightful time I had.

On arriving at Cinnabar we found Dr. Webb's train drawn up alongside the platform, being loaded with all his outfit, and what remained of ours. Our wagons and mule-train having come from Fort Washakie, which is about one hundred and eighty miles from a railway, had returned by Union Pass and the Wind River, the route we had come out by, so we only had General Coppinger's hunting wagon and another for baggage with our riding horses ; the Doctor's outfit, therefore, required the greater transport. The train to convey, then, our diminished numbers was composed as follows : first the engine, then baggage car, four stable cars, two sleeping cars for the men, one private baggage car, two bedroom cars, Dr. Seward Webb's own car, the

"Ellesmere"—twelve in all. Besides this, there were four flat and three box cars that went as freight by a slower train. The United States is a pretty big country, and they do things on a big scale.

Before starting I went through the train to inspect the arrangements. The stable cars were fitted up with padded stalls; each trooper had a bed in the sleeper. Our dining car had been specially fitted to permit one long table to run its entire length, so that we could all dine together. Each guest had a large state room, fitted with lavatory, to himself—there were nine of us—and the Doctor's own car, which was the end one on the train, acted as reading room, smoking room, and library. The "Ellesmere" was the most perfect railway carriage I have ever seen. The Doctor, who is President of the Wagner Sleeping Car Company, has an immense quantity of railway travelling to do in connection with his business, and having to live a considerable portion of the year in these cars, like

a sensible man, does so in a comfortable manner. The first point about the "Ellesmere" is that it is so strongly constructed as to be virtually indestructible. If it went over a bridge or a precipice it would probably matchbox a bit, but for ordinary accidents it is pretty well insured by its unusual strength. Quite impossible for it to "telescope." Whatever it ran into, or whatever ran into it, would fare badly, but I doubt if the "Ellesmere" would even know anything about it. I read a published account of this car in some paper (which I wish now I had made a note of) giving the accurate measurements and method of construction, together with the total weight. I forget now what they all were, but I remember the description finished by saying that the "Ellesmere" was the strongest and best-built private railway car in the world, and I have every reason to believe the account was true. Of great length, it is what an auctioneer might describe as being "self-contained," having dining room and

library, sitting or smoking room, two very large state rooms, bath room, kitchen, pantry, ice room, wine cellar, meat safe, and a large platform handsomely railed in, big enough to hold four armchairs, where we sat and smoked in the greatest comfort, and viewed the country and everything around us. The fittings and furniture were exceedingly handsome, and not a bit overdone ; in fact, the whole thing was about as near perfection as can well be arrived at. I almost forgot to add that there was a dial which told the pace the train went at, and means of communicating with engine driver or conductor as well. Each guest had a servant told off to attend and valet him ; in fact, the Doctor's hospitality was princely, and my railway journey was a very novel and delightful experience.

Shortly after leaving Cinnabar, we crossed the Yellowstone River at the mouth of the Gardiner River, and then passing at the base of Cinnabar Mountain, we saw the Devil's Slide. This was a most peculiar

looking object, being two perfectly shaped walls of trap rock, extending nearly two thousand feet, at about one hundred and fifty feet apart, in parallel lines right up the mountain. On getting out of the cañon which the train had been running through, we got into the Upper Yellowstone Valley which opens out on each side of the Yellowstone River, forming fine alluvial pasture land, easily irrigated, settled up by ranchmen, and well stocked. We then passed Snowy and Belt ranges, spurs of the Rocky Mountains, and shortly after arrived at Livingstone in Montana, where we stopped.

A very excellent taxidermist has an establishment here, and the Doctor handed over all his trophies to be cured and set up by him. He had some good specimens in his shop, and among them a magnificent moose-head that came from Alaska. From my experience of moose hunting in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Manitoba, I have come to the conclusion that for a big head, one's best chance now would be in

Alaska. I have heard of other very fine moose-heads being got there. We only remained here long enough to hand over the trophies, and then continued our journey to Valentine in Nebraska, where we arrived at 5 p.m. the following day.

Except for our comfortable and luxurious way of travelling, nothing very eventful occurred, except it was that twice during the night I was awakened out of a sound sleep by a most abominable stench, caused by our running over a couple of skunks within eighty or a hundred miles of each other. We were going at the time between fifty and sixty miles an hour, yet on each occasion we carried the unpleasant odour with us for a very considerable distance. This is, however, by no means an unusual occurrence, as I hear they are often killed by passing trains.

Colonel Andrews met us at Valentine with teams to take us to Fort Niobara, where we had hoped to arrive in time to see the army "prize-firing" that was being

held there. It was, however, too late for that now, so we had to content ourselves with a short visit to the post, and, after being most hospitably entertained by the Colonel, drove back to our train and continued our journey. At Fort Robinson we only stopped long enough to disembark the troop of cavalry and wagons taken from it; and then, with our diminished load, proceeded to Omaha, where we arrived at 7.20 a.m. on October the 7th.

There General Coppinger and his aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Perry left us, and I took leave of my old friend with very sincere regret. His kindness had been unbounded, and he had given me the most delightful trip I have ever had in my life.

I had been away from home since the middle of June and had to get back, and as Dr. Seward Webb had asked me to stay a few days at his place in Vermont, and see his establishment there for breeding hackneys, I resisted the General's kind invitation to remain at Omaha, and go with

him to all sorts of places in the department he commands.

After leaving Omaha we got on to a sounder track, and had a straighter run than when passing through the Rockies and the wilder parts of Wyoming and of Nebraska, *and the Doctor let her go*. We had also lightened very considerably our engine's load at Fort Robinson, where the cavalry and wagons had been detrained, so that we were in a fit condition for a spin. From the time we left Cinnabar sectional superintendents had always come on board to personally escort us over their individual sections, and each in his turn had endeavoured to send us along as fast as was compatible with safety. The line was cleared, and, in fact, it was very like travelling with royalty.

We had been running about sixty miles an hour all along, wherever it was safe to do so, but the track between Omaha and Chicago at last gave us a chance, and we took it. Shortly after leaving the former

place our pace increased, and gradually the finger on the dial pointed higher and higher. The superintendent stood, watch in hand, checking the mileposts against the dial, to see that it spoke the truth ; and each milepost that we whizzed by verified the story told by the dial, and said that it was correct. Seventy-five miles an hour was reached, but still the hand moved on, until it reached the great speed of eighty-five miles an hour, at which tremendous pace we made a very considerable portion of our journey.

We accomplished a record run, beating the time of the fastest train between Omaha and Chicago by a little over four hours. Notwithstanding this terrific speed the oscillation was so slight that it was insufficient to cause a drop of champagne to be upset out of ordinary champagne glasses with long thin stems while we were at dinner, and they were well filled too. It was certainly an experience of the ease, speed, and general comfort that railway

travelling can be brought to under favourable conditions.

At Chicago, where ordinary passenger trains running between New York and San Francisco oblige their passengers to get out and find their own way across the town to their respective depots, we scored again, as, without leaving our train, we were shunted through the city to our new line for New York.

Our next halt was at Buffalo, where we remained two or three hours, and where the Doctor was kind enough to take us over the building-sheds of the Wagner Palace Car Company. Everything in the United States is "on the go." We, in England, are a conservative people—even the greatest Radical drops into line in this respect. When we have achieved some success we are content to let it remain so. We hate change, we hate innovation of any kind, and we look with suspicion and distrust on anyone who suggests it, even when the advantages are apparent. Some fifteen

years ago, on returning to London from a hunt in Colorado, I was so impressed by the general use I had seen everywhere of the telephone in the United States, that I ventured to suggest to the committee of the United Service Club, of which I am a member, that I thought it would be advisable to have one in the club. They would not hear of such a thing; they wrote me a curt refusal, and I am not certain that some elderly gentleman did not get a fit at the mere mention of such a thing. The club is a fairly representative one of the English people, and I merely mention this little incident to show what a conservative race we are.

Not so with the Americans. They fly to the other extreme. A restless activity and an always striving for something new, some improvement, pervades the whole nation. Pullman builds a sleeping car—Wagner starts to construct a better one—and so it goes on, and the public are the gainers. Wagner was certainly moving along here,

and I saw some magnificent sleeping cars in the course of building, no over-elaboration, but solid comfort for a long journey. One car was composed of nothing but large state rooms, each being provided with its own lavatory complete. The fittings were solid and handsome, and its weight and bearings were such that, as in the "Ellesmere," oscillation was reduced to a minimum. Everything that was required in the manufacture of these sleeping cars was made on the premises, which covered a considerable extent of ground, and it was exceedingly interesting to see the system with which this very large industry was carried out. I could have spent, with pleasure and profit, many hours here, for there was much to learn. The various departments connected with the business would take a man at least a week to in any way master their details, and cannot be described after a very casual "fly round." I saw, however, sufficient to impress me very strongly with the admirable manner

in which the work was being carried on, and the very great luxury and comfort which, regardless of initial expense, the Wagner Carriage Company were providing for the ultimate benefit of the American public. Our next halt was at Albany, where our party broke up, all except Lieutenant Preston and myself, whom the Doctor had asked to stay a few days at his country place in Vermont State, going on to New York. The "Ellesmere" was shunted for Troy, and went on to Shelbourne, where we arrived at about 2 a.m., found ourselves side-tracked, and awoke next morning just as the Doctor's carriage and Mrs. Seward Webb drove up to take us to his house.



CHAPTER XII.

Shelbourne—Hackney breeding—The American army
—Our own.



DO not think I ever saw a residence more beautifully situated "all round," than Shelbourne, for the views in front and rear are almost equally lovely. The house was a delightfully old-fashioned rambling structure, partly brick and partly wood, with numerous additions that had been put up from time to time, very commodious, and two-storied. It was situated on a somewhat high bluff about one hundred yards from Lake Champlain, which it overlooked. The lake is an exceedingly picturesque one, its coast line running for many miles in a succession of small, well wooded cliffs, irregular

in outline and differing in height. Peninsulas and bays abound, forming pretty, little, well-sheltered harbours, and in one near the house the Doctor had his steam yacht housed up for the winter.

On the opposite side of the lake, the Adirondack Mountains stretch away in a succession of ranges, growing higher and higher as they recede from the lake's shores, till they reach their highest altitude about as far as the eye can reach. The view from the house across Lake Champlain of the Adirondacks is a remarkably fine one; while, on the other side, the whole field of area, lacking water, is almost as extensive and beautiful. The situations about Lake Champlain are so wonderfully gifted by nature for building purposes, the only thing that surprises me is that so few Americans have taken advantage of them.

One of the most interesting features of Shelbourne is the very fine breeding establishment for hackneys that the Doctor has put up there, with the object of improving

the breed in the neighbourhood. The very best stock procurable, both sires and dams, are housed in a covered building, five hundred feet long by two hundred feet broad ; the interior forms a large tan exercising ground, and all around it are large loose boxes for the mares and stallions, opening on to, and facing the tan ring, which is lighted from the top. The whole thing forms a very imposing building both inside and out. We went down one afternoon and had the whole lot of them out one after another. I have seldom seen a better exhibition of action than they all displayed, while two or three of the best would be hard to beat in any show ring anywhere.

Among the other attractions of Shelbourne was a well-laid-out golf ground ; or is it "links" it ought to be called ? It is a game I know very little about, but some one lent me a club, and under directions from a professor I ploughed up the ground a bit and made myself very warm. Capital

exercise, but I don't see quite how to enthuse about it, though I know lots of good sportsmen who do. Everyone said it was a capital ground, and it certainly was uncommonly well kept.

I had a very enjoyable visit, and one evening after dinner we drove down to the station, about two miles off, got on board the "Ellesmere," and after a pipe and a whisky and soda, went to bed, and awoke next morning to find ourselves side-tracked in New York—took our time about breakfast, and stepped leisurely out and drove to our respective destinations without any sort of trouble. Truly, railway travelling can be made wonderfully pleasant if people set to work about it the right way, and are not particular as to cost. Nothing could have exceeded Dr. Seward Webb's kindness and hospitality, and I have to thank him very sincerely for the insight he gave me as to "Travel made easy," or "How to do it, when you can." Our railway journey from Montana to New York was a glorious finish to

a splendid trip, and I shall often think of the eighty-five miles an hour spin between Omaha and Chicago, in the "Ellesmere" and comfort, while I am crawling along on some of our own lines in a first-class carriage stuffed full of third-class passengers—a swindle and an abomination for which there is no sort of redress.

At the time I write the papers are full of an important and an engrossing subject, "The Condition of the Army." Our authorities are becoming so Germanized (everything seems to be made in Germany in these days, from shoddy-cloth to an army) that it never for an instant occurs to them to look elsewhere; yet there is a rattling good little army, for its size, in the United States; and as it is entirely recruited on the volunteer system, like our own, and has no sort of difficulty in getting as many men as it wants, might it not be as well to study for a moment how it is they get them? I have been tolerably well acquainted with the U.S. army for some four and

twenty years, and am much impressed with the great improvement I noticed at the last inspections. I need hardly say that I had unusual opportunities afforded me during my trip with the inspecting General, a short account of which I have already given, of forming an opinion as to the merits of their service; and as I served nearly twenty years in our own, including a campaign and being wounded, I think I may venture to pass an opinion on the subject which at present occupies public attention.

My service having been in the Royal Marines, a long service corps, I am naturally in favour of long service. It's the old soldier that's the backbone of the service; and as "a little leaven leaveneth the whole," so does the presence of a few old soldiers steady and solidify any company or regiment to which they belong, and give sense and confidence to recruits under fire. More than once during my military career have I been in a tight place, and on every occasion

it was the old soldiers who helped me out of it.

Experts say, "It is impossible to get men for long service." I disagree with them. We had no sort of difficulty in getting recruits for the Marines, and our standard of height was greater, and our medical examination for the recruit on entering much more severe than for that of the line. I had a year's recruiting once myself, at Derby. Capital quarter; hunted with the Meynell and the Quorn, and had an occasional day with Jack Musters. Country people most kind and hospitable, and it was the pleasantest bit of service I ever put in. I got lots of recruits, and as I got a bonus for each fellow I caught, I think I about doubled my captain's pay.

The medical examination was severe. My recruiting sergeant first examined the candidate, then I had a careful overhaul, and then the local doctor; he was then sent up to London to pass a further medical examination, which, if he failed to get through,

all the expense of sending him to town fell on me. This naturally made me careful as to how I incurred it, so in the end none but the very pick of the county went into the Royal Marines—a long service corps.

Occasionally, notwithstanding all my precautions, I had a man rejected. A staff officer of pensioners recruited for the line ; and as he was a very good fellow and a friend of mine, I always handed over my failures to him, of course with their own consent, and they invariably passed the army medical examination and became soldiers.

The reason of this is obvious. More inducements are offered to a man to become a Marine than are offered to a linesman ; and my argument is, that if you offered sufficient inducement there would be no lack of recruits for long service.

A man should enter the army as a profession, and remain in it all his life. Take any trade in the world—tinker, tailor, or any conceivable profession—how can a man

excel, unless he remains in it constantly? and why should the army be different?

Then comes the question of expense. The soldier's condition of existence and his surroundings should be augmented and improved, and this costs money. Quite so, "you cannot make an omelet without breaking eggs."

England is one of the very few countries in the world that enjoy immunity from compulsory service, and that have a volunteer system of enlistment for their soldiers; and it is a luxury that should, and must be paid for, if it is to exist. If people do not like paying for it, they will have to come out and fight themselves.

I have no sort of patience with men who begrudge the soldier every possible comfort that he can reasonably require, when they are too apathetic, cowardly, or too well off, to care about fighting and risking their own lives; and unless the position of the soldier is very materially improved, I for one hope he won't take the shilling,

and then these individuals will have to fight whether they like it or not, and much good may it do them.

Personally, there is nothing I should like better than to see compulsory service general. Except for the mere money-grubbers it would be the best thing that could possibly happen to the nation. With all our free education, and board schools, and teaching in every kind of branch imaginable, do any of them propound the doctrine that the first duty a citizen owes is to his country? I trow not. It's the last thing they dream of teaching, yet it is the very first that should be taught. Our youth are not taught patriotism as they should be; and for their elders the word has mostly degenerated into "party," which still further degenerates into the word "office."

I have already given a short account of what I saw of the American army during General Coppinger's tour of inspection. As there were neither artillery nor engineers

at any of the posts he visited, of these branches of their service I can say nothing. My only experiences have been on "The Plains," and there they don't serve; but their cavalry and infantry could not have been better.

Their uniform is not so showy, and their men have not that spick and span appearance at a full-dress parade that characterizes our own fellows; but I very much doubt if we have a single cavalry regiment in our army which could turn out for inspection and perform all the tricks and manœuvres that I saw at Forts Meade and Robinson.

I have described their fare in barracks, their messing, their rooms, baths, and canteens. I now append their scale of pay, commencing with the officers, where it will be seen that the junior ranks get about three times as much as those of the same standing in the British army.

Table of Pay allowed by Law to Officers of the Army, annexed to the Army Register conformably to the resolution of the House of Representatives of August 30th, 1842.

GRADE.	PAY OF OFFICERS IN ACTIVE SERVICE. ¹					
	PAY OF GRADE.		MONTHLY PAY.			
	Yearly.	Monthly.	After 5 years' service.	After 10 years' service.	After 15 years' service.	After 20 years' service.
Lieutenant General	\$11,000.00	\$916.67	10 per cent.	20 per cent.	30 per cent.	40 per cent.
Major General	7,500.00	625.00
Brigadier General	5,500.00	458.33
Colonel	3,500.00	291.67	\$320.83	\$350.00	\$375.00 ²	\$375.00 ³
Lieutenant Colonel	3,000.00	250.00	275.00	300.00	325.00	333.33
Major	2,500.00	208.33	229.17	250.00	270.83	291.67
Captain, not mounted	2,000.00	166.67	183.33	200.00	216.67	233.33
Captain, mounted	1,800.00	150.00	165.00	180.00	195.00	210.00
Regimental Adjutant	1,800.00	150.00	165.00	180.00	195.00	210.00
Regimental Quartermaster	1,800.00	150.00	165.00	180.00	195.00	210.00
First Lieutenant, mounted	1,600.00	133.33	146.67	160.00	173.33	186.67
First Lieutenant, not mounted	1,500.00	125.00	137.50	150.00	162.50	175.00
Second Lieutenant, mounted	1,400.00	116.67	128.33	140.00	151.67	165.00
Second Lieutenant, not mounted	1,400.00	116.67	128.33	140.00	151.67	165.00
Chaplain	1,500.00	125.00	137.50	150.00	162.50	175.00

¹ For law establishing the present rates of pay, see sections 1261, 1262, 1263, and 1274, Revised Statutes.

² The maximum pay of a Colonel is by law \$4,500 per annum. (Section 1267, Revised Statutes.)

³ The maximum pay of a Lieutenant Colonel is by law \$4,000 per annum. (Section 1267, Revised Statutes.)

Table of Pay allowed by Law to Officers of the Army, annexed to the Army Register, conformably to the resolution of the House of Representatives of August 30th, 1842—contd.

GRADE.	PAY OF RETIRED OFFICERS. ¹					
	PAY OF GRADE.		MONTHLY PAY.			
	Yearly.	Monthly.	After 5 years' service.	After 10 years' service.	After 15 years' service.	After 20 years' service.
Lieutenant General	\$8,250.00	\$687.50
Major General	5,625.00	468.75
Brigadier General	4,125.00	343.75
Colonel	2,625.00	218.75	\$240.62	\$262.50	\$281.25	\$281.25
Lieutenant Colonel	2,250.00	187.50	206.25	225.00	243.75	250.00
Major	1,875.00	156.25	171.87	187.50	203.12	218.75
Captain, mounted	1,500.00	125.00	137.50	150.00	162.50	175.00
Captain, not mounted	1,350.00	112.50	123.75	135.00	146.25	157.50
Regimental Adjutant
Regimental Quartermaster	1,200.00	100.00	110.00	120.00	130.00	140.00
First Lieutenant, mounted	1,125.00	93.75	103.12	112.50	121.87	131.25
Second Lieutenant, mounted	1,050.00	87.50	96.25	105.00	113.75	122.50
Second Lieutenant, not mounted	1,350.00	112.50	123.75	135.00	146.25	157.50
Chaplain

¹ For law establishing the present rates of pay, see sections 1261, 1262, 1263, and 1274, Revised Statutes.

NOTES.

1. An Aide-de-Camp to a Major General is allowed \$200 per year in addition to the pay of his rank, not to be included in computing the service increase.—[*Act July 15th, 1870, Sec. 24.* Section 1261, Revised Statutes.

2. An Aide-de-Camp to a Brigadier General is allowed \$150 per year in addition to the pay of his rank, not to be included in computing the service increase.—[*Act July 15th, 1870, Sec. 24.*] Section 1261, Revised Statutes.

3. An Acting Commissary of Subsistence is allowed \$100 per year in addition to the pay of his rank, not to be included in computing the service increase.—[*Act July 15th, 1870, Sec. 24.*] Section 1261, Revised Statutes.

4. Assistant Surgeons are entitled to pay of Captain after five years' service [*Act June 23rd, 1874, Sec. 4*], service to be reckoned from date of acceptance of appointment or commission.—[*Decision of Second Comptroller, September 26th, 1884.*]

5. Lieutenants of the Signal Corps to be promoted after fourteen years' service, as provided for lieutenants of the Corps of Engineers and the Ordnance Department, under sections 1206 and 1207, Revised Statutes.—[*Act October 1st, 1890.*]

6. Retired officers receive 75 per cent. of pay (salary and increase) of their rank.—[*Act July 15th, 1870, Sec. 24.*] Section 1274, Revised Statutes.

7. A retired Chaplain receives 75 per cent. of the pay (salary and increase) of his rank (Captain, not mounted). Section 1122, Revised Statutes.

8. The officer in charge of the public buildings and grounds (Washington) has, while so serving, the rank, pay, and emoluments of a Colonel.—[*Act March 3rd, 1873, Sec. 1.*]

9. For additional pay as mounted officers, see par. 1443, Army Regulations, 1889.

10. The principal assistant in the Ordnance Bureau of the War Department shall receive a compensation, including pay and emoluments, not exceeding that of a Major of Ordnance.—[*Act February 27th, 1877.*]

11. An Acting Judge Advocate, detailed by the Secretary of War, is entitled to the pay and allowances of Captain of Cavalry.—[*Act July 5th, 1884.*]

12. Retired officers detailed for duty at colleges under the act of *November 3rd, 1893*, entitled to full pay. Those detailed under other laws *not* entitled.—[*Act August 6th, 1894.*]

REMARKS.

Mileage, at the rate of *four* cents per mile, over shortest usually travelled routes, and, in addition thereto, the cost of transportation actually paid by the officer over the route or routes, exclusive of parlour-car fare or sleeping-car fare and transfers.—[*Act February 27th, 1893.*] Regulations governing the subject of mileage are contained in General Orders, No. 97.

Officers' pay, however, is not the question of the day. No trouble about getting them with us. We all serve for the fun of it; and as it is almost an impossibility for any officer under the rank of captain to live on his pay, our sons (or their fathers) have the honour and glory of paying for the privilege of serving the country out of their own pockets.

Let us now see how the United States remunerate the non-commissioned officers and privates in their army, for which purpose I give the following table of pay and allowances :

Pay of Enlisted Men, U.S. Army.

Rank and service.	First a years.	Third year.	Fourth year.	Fifth year, and re- enlisted pay.	\$2 per month after 5 years' service.	\$3 per month after 10 years' service.	\$4 per month after 15 years' service.	\$5 per month after 20 years' service.
COMPANY.								
Private—Artillery, Cavalry, Infantry	\$13	\$14	\$15	\$16	\$18	\$19	\$20	\$21
Private, second-class—Engineers and Ordnance ..	17	18	19	20	22	23	24	25
Musician—Engineers, Artillery, Infantry	13	14	15	16	18	19	20	21
Trumpeter—Cavalry	14	15	16	17	19	20	21	22
Wagoner—Artillery, Cavalry, Infantry	15	16	17	18	20	21	22	23
Artificer—Artillery, Infantry	20	21	22	23	25	26	27	28
Blacksmith and Farrier—Cavalry	17	18	19	20	22	23	24	25
Saddler—Cavalry	34	35	36	37	39	40	41	42
Corporal—Artillery, Cavalry, Infantry	45	46	47	48	50	51	52	53
Corporal—Engineers and Ordnance								
First Sergeant—Artillery, Cavalry, Infantry								
Sergeant—Artillery, Cavalry, Infantry								
Sergeant—Engineers, Ordnance, Signal Corps								
Sergeant, first-class—Signal Corps								
REGIMENT.								
Chief Trumpeter—Cavalry	22	23	24	25	27	28	29	30
Principal Musician—Artillery, Infantry	60	61	62	63	65	66	67	68
Saddler Sergeant—Cavalry	23	24	25	26	28	29	30	31
Chief Musician—Artillery, Cavalry, Infantry								
Sergeant Major—Artillery, Cavalry, Infantry								
Quartermaster Sergeant—Artillery, Cavalry, In- fantry								
Sergeant Major—Engineers	36	37	38	39	41	42	43	44
Quartermaster Sergeant—Engineers								

1 One dollar per month additional for each subsequent period of five years' continuous service.

Pay of Enlisted Men, U.S. Army—contd.

Rank and Service.	First 2 years.	Third year.	Fourth year.	Fifth year, and re- enlisted pay.	\$2 per month after 5 years' service.	\$3 per month after 10 years' service.	\$4 per month after 15 years' service.	\$5 per month after 20 years' service. ¹
POST.								
Ordnance Sergeant.....	\$34	\$35	\$36	\$37	\$39	\$40	\$41	\$42
Commissary Sergeant.....								
Post Quartermaster Sergeant.....								
HOSPITAL CORPS.								
Hospital Steward.....	45	46	47	48	50	51	52	53
Acting Hospital Steward.....	25	26	27	28	30	31	32	33
Private.....	18	19	20	21	23	24	25	26
BAND—MILITARY ACADEMY.								
Musician, first-class.....	34	35	36	37	39	40	41	42
Musician, second-class.....	20	21	22	23	25	26	27	28
Musician, third-class.....	17	18	19	20	22	23	24	25
VETERINARY SURGEONS, HOSPITAL MATRONS, CLERKS, AND MESSENGERS—MILITARY HEADQUARTERS.								
Veterinary Surgeon (senior).....								per month, \$100.00
Veterinary Surgeon (junior).....								per month, 75.00
Hospital Matron.....								per month, 10.00
Clerk—Class 1, Military Headquarters, per annum, \$1,000.....								per month, 83.33
Clerk—Class 2, Military Headquarters, per annum, 1,100.....								per month, 91.67
Clerk—Class 3, Military Headquarters, per annum, 1,200.....								per month, 100.00
Messenger—Military Headquarters... per annum, 720.....								per month, 60.00

¹ One dollar per month additional for each subsequent period of five years' continuous service.

Table of Monthly Pay and Allowances to Enlisted Men on the Retired List, U.S. Army.

Rank.	Re-enlisted pay.	5 years' service.	10 years' service.	15 years' service.	20 years' service.	25 years' service.	30 years' service.	35 years' service.
POST NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.								
Post Quartermaster Sergeant	\$27.75	\$29.25	\$30.00	\$30.75	\$31.50	\$32.25	\$33.00	\$33.75
Ordnance Sergeant								
Commissary Sergeant								
ORDNANCE.								
Sergeant	27.75	29.25	30.00	30.75	31.50	32.25	33.00	33.75
Corporal	17.25	18.75	19.50	20.25	21.00	21.75	22.50	23.25
Private, first-class	15.00	16.50	17.25	18.00	18.75	19.50	20.25	21.00
Private, second-class	12.00	13.50	14.25	15.00	15.75	16.50	17.25	18.00
ENGINEERS.								
Sergeant Major	29.25	30.75	31.50	32.25	33.00	33.75	34.50	35.25
Quartermaster Sergeant								
Sergeant								
Corporal	27.75	29.25	30.00	30.75	31.50	32.25	33.00	33.75
Musician	17.25	18.75	19.50	20.25	21.00	21.75	22.50	23.25
Private, first-class	12.00	13.50	14.25	15.00	15.75	16.50	17.25	18.00
Private, second-class	15.00	16.50	17.25	18.00	18.75	19.50	20.25	21.00
Private, third-class	12.00	13.50	14.25	15.00	15.75	16.50	17.25	18.00
MILITARY ACADEMY BAND.								
Musician, first-class	27.75	29.25	30.00	30.75	31.50	32.25	33.00	33.75
Musician, second-class	17.25	18.75	19.50	20.25	21.00	21.75	22.50	23.25
Musician, third-class	15.00	16.50	17.25	18.00	18.75	19.50	20.25	21.00
SIGNAL CORPS.								
Sergeant, first-class	36.00	37.50	38.25	39.00	39.75	40.50	41.25	42.00
Sergeant	27.75	29.25	30.00	30.75	31.50	32.25	33.00	33.75
Corporal	17.25	18.75	19.50	20.25	21.00	21.75	22.50	23.25
Private, first-class	15.00	16.50	17.25	18.00	18.75	19.50	20.25	21.00
Private, second-class	12.00	13.50	14.25	15.00	15.75	16.50	17.25	18.00

Table of Monthly Pay and Allowances to Men on the Retired List, U.S. Army—contd.

Rank.	Re-enlisted pay.	5 years' service.	10 years' service.	15 years' service.	20 years' service.	25 years' service.	30 years' service.	35 years' service.
HOSPITAL CORPS.								
Hospital Steward	\$36.00	\$37.50	\$38.25	\$39.00	\$39.75	\$40.50	\$41.25	\$42.00
Private	15.75	17.25	18.00	18.75	19.50	20.25	21.00	21.75
CAVALRY, ARTILLERY, AND INFANTRY.								
Chief Musician	47.25	48.75	49.50	50.25	51.00	51.75	52.50	53.25
Sergeant Major	19.50	21.00	21.75	22.50	23.25	24.00	24.75	25.50
Quartermaster Sergeant	18.75	20.25	21.00	21.75	22.50	23.25	24.00	24.75
Chief Trumpeter, Cavalry	21.00	22.50	23.25	24.00	24.75	25.50	26.25	27.00
Principal Musician, Artillery and Infantry	15.75	17.25	18.00	18.75	19.50	20.25	21.00	21.75
Saddler Sergeant, Cavalry	13.50	15.00	15.75	16.50	17.25	18.00	18.75	19.50
Sergeant	12.00	13.50	14.25	15.00	15.75	16.50	17.25	18.00
First Sergeant	13.50	15.00	15.75	16.50	17.25	18.00	18.75	19.50
Sergeant	12.00	13.50	14.25	15.00	15.75	16.50	17.25	18.00
Corporal	13.50	15.00	15.75	16.50	17.25	18.00	18.75	19.50
Trumpeter, Cavalry	12.00	13.50	14.25	15.00	15.75	16.50	17.25	18.00
Musician, Artillery and Infantry	13.50	15.00	15.75	16.50	17.25	18.00	18.75	19.50
Private	12.75	14.25	15.00	15.75	16.50	17.25	18.00	18.75
Blacksmith and Farrier, Saddler, Cavalry	13.50	15.00	15.75	16.50	17.25	18.00	18.75	19.50
Artificer, Artillery and Infantry	12.75	14.25	15.00	15.75	16.50	17.25	18.00	18.75
Wagoner	12.75	14.25	15.00	15.75	16.50	17.25	18.00	18.75

NOTE 1.—Retired pay of General Service Clerks and Messengers—General Service Clerks, retired, rank as follows: Third-class as First Sergeants, Second-class as Sergeants, First-class as Corporals, Sergeants as Privates. (G. O. 54, 1886.)

NOTE 2.—Clothing and rations are commuted at \$9.50 per month, to all grades alike. (Act March 16th, 1896.)

NOTE 3.—Deduct Soldier's Home dues from all retired men.

NOTE 4.—Additional pay for length of service does not accrue after retirement. (G. O. 43, A. G. O., 1889.)

PAYMASTER GENERAL'S OFFICE, June, 1897.

All non-commissioned officers and men get their rations free. They are not charged against the soldiers' pay. That they are sufficiently liberal the reader can judge by the appended copy of the official scale for issue :

The Ration.

Articles.	Quantities per ration.	Quantities per 100 rations.
MEAT COMPONENTS.		
Fresh beef	20 oz.	125 lb.
or fresh mutton, when the cost does not exceed that of beef	20 oz.	125 lb.
or pork	12 oz.	75 lb.
or bacon	12 oz.	75 lb.
or salt beef	22 oz.	137 lb. 8 oz.
or, when meat can not be furnished, dried fish ..	14 oz.	87 lb. 8 oz.
or pickled fish	18 oz.	112 lb. 8 oz.
or fresh fish	18 oz.	112 lb. 8 oz.
BREAD COMPONENTS.		
Flour	18 oz.	112 lb. 8 oz.
or soft bread	18 oz.	112 lb. 8 oz.
or hard bread	16 oz.	100 lb.
or corn meal	20 oz.	125 lb.
Baking powder for troops in the field, when necessary to enable them to bake their own bread ..	0'64 oz.	4 lb.
VEGETABLE COMPONENTS.		
Beans	2'4 oz.	15 lb.
or pease	2'4 oz.	15 lb.
or rice	1'6 oz.	10 lb.
or hominy	1'6 oz.	10 lb.
Potatoes	16 oz.	100 lb.
or potatoes 12'8 oz., and onions 3'2 oz.	16 oz.	100 lb.
or potatoes 11'2 oz., and canned tomatoes 4'8 oz., or 4'8 oz. of other fresh vegetables not canned when they can be obtained in the vicinity of the post or transported in a wholesome condition from a distance	16 oz.	100 lb.
COFFEE AND SUGAR COMPONENTS.		
Coffee, green	1'6 oz.	10 lb.
or roasted coffee	1'28 oz.	8 lb.
or tea, green or black	0'32 oz.	2 lb.
Sugar	2'4 oz.	15 lb.
or molasses	0'64 gill	2 gal.
or cane sirup	0'64 gill	2 gal.
SEASONING COMPONENTS.		
Vinegar	0'32 gill	1 gal.
Salt	0'64 oz.	4 lb.
Pepper, black	0'04 oz.	4 lb.
SOAP AND CANDLE COMPONENTS.		
Soap	0'64 oz.	4 lb.
Candles (when illuminating oil is not furnished by the Quartermaster's Department)	0'24 oz.	1 lb. 8 oz.

In addition to this very liberal free ration, the Commissary Department has an abundant supply of fancy groceries, which are furnished to the men (on payment) at cost price ; and in almost all the posts they have well-conducted canteens as well.

As a matter of fact their men live like fighting cocks. This I can at least vouch for, from having gone round so many of their mess rooms during the dinner-hour : the menus at some of them I have already described.

The same general practice applies in the case of clothing. The enlisted men have what is known as a clothing allowance—that is, a fixed sum of money placed to their credit from which clothing is to be purchased. This sum varies, but is ample to cover the needs of an ordinary man ; and this money allowance is extra, and not a part of the man's pay proper, but comes under the head of "allowances," the practical result of which is to furnish each

man with all necessary clothing without cost—that is, without taking any part of his pay proper, which he receives without any deductions. Of course, when a man for any cause uses up clothes further than his money allowance will pay for, the difference is taken from his pay proper.

As all this detail may rather bore the casual reader, and really is more intended for those who are interested in the subject of how we are to procure soldiers for the country, I have placed in the Appendix a copy of General Orders, No. 37, War Department, Adjutant-General's Office, Washington, June 12th, 1897, which will be of interest to the military reader, and those who concern themselves with our army, while the casual reader who honours me by perusing these pages can skip it all if he likes.

Our non-commissioned officers and privates are not properly treated, either by the government, in the matter of pay, food, or

clothing, or by the general public, in the absence of consideration to the cloth, as shown in so many instances recorded in newspapers, where non-commissioned officers and privates have been refused refreshments in public-houses while in uniform, and denied admission to places of amusement. This is of constant occurrence; yet I have heard of no instance where the publican's licence was cancelled by any bench of magistrates the case was brought before. I would not only have the publican's licence cancelled in cases of this kind, but where it was omitted I would strike the magistrates' names off the roll as tacitly insulting the Queen's uniform themselves.

At any moment, with our gigantic and contending interests all over the world, there might come a pressing demand for men to serve; and how can people, in their senses, expect this demand to be complied with in the numbers which the occasion may warrant, if in time of peace the soldier

is treated with the amount of obloquy at present meted out to him ?

The alternative is universal compulsory service, and that for various reasons English people don't seem to care about ; yet it is a case of one thing or the other, and if the army cannot be filled up with volunteers, one will *have* to be composed of pressed men, similar to the other services of Europe.

We shall have to take our "big fight" some day, and as, even with the increase to our services lately voted by Parliament, we shall still have an army numerically much inferior to any European power likely to be brought against us, it behoves us to see that what we have is composed of the best stuff Britain can produce, and the question is, how to get it ? Under the circumstance I need hardly apologize for directing attention as to how good men are obtained by another nation which, like ourselves, has adopted the system of voluntary enlistment.

With regard to our own soldiers, Rudyard Kipling gives the way our men are occasionally treated by the British public, so fully and so straight that I would recommend the perusal and study of his poems on the subject to all my readers, bearing in mind, at the same time, that at any moment "the band may begin to play."

TOMMY.¹

"I went into a public 'ouse to get a pint o' beer,
 The publican 'e up an' sez, 'We serve no red-coats
 here,'
 The girls behind the bar they laughed an' giggled fit
 to die,
 I outs into the street again, an' to myself sez I :
 'O, it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' Tommy,
 go away,'
 But it's 'Thank you, Mr. Atkins,' when the band
 begins to play,
 The band begins to play, my boys, the band
 begins to play,
 O, it's 'Thank you, Mr. Atkins,' when the band
 begins to play.

* * * * *

¹ Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, and of the publishers of "Barrack Room Ballads," Messrs. Methuen and Co.

"We aren't no thin red 'eroes, nor we aren't no black-
guards too,

But single men in barricks, most remarkable like you ;
An' if sometimes our conduct isn't all your fancy
paints,

Why, single men in barricks don't grow into plaister
saints ;

While it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an'
'Tommy, fall be'ind,'

But it's 'Please to walk in front, sir,' when there's
trouble in the wind,

There's trouble in the wind, my boys, there's
trouble in the wind,

O, it's 'Please to walk in front, sir,' when there's
trouble in the wind.

"You talk o' better food for us, an' schools, an' fires,
an' all :

We'll wait for extra rations, if you treat us rational.

Don't mess about the cook-room slops, but prove it
to our face

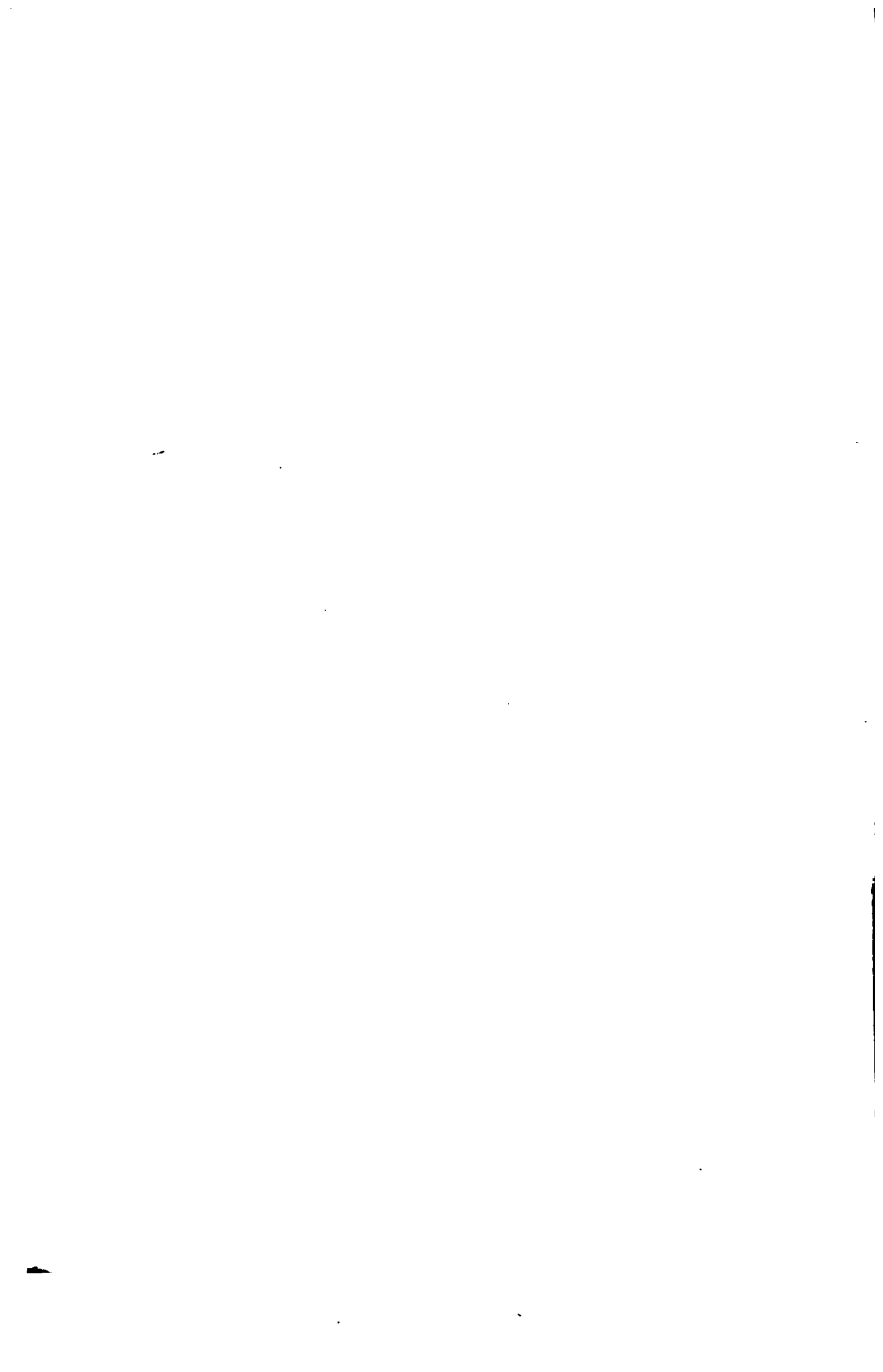
The widow's uniform is not the soldier-man's disgrace.

For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an'
'Chuck him out, the brute !'

But it's 'Saviour of 'is country' when the guns
begin to shoot ;

An' it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' any-
thing you please ;

An' Tommy ain't a bloomin' fool—you bet that
Tommy sees !"





APPENDIX.



SINCE writing the preceding pages, war has broken out between the United States and Spain, and large bodies of men have suddenly been called out to serve their country.

I have no doubt they will be quite equal to the occasion, but it necessitates my directing the reader's attention to the fact, that the new levies are not the army whose excellence I have extolled, and who will become almost lost among the large numbers of undisciplined men who may be summoned to the field.

The U.S. army proper, at the time I wrote, was only between 20,000 and 25,000 strong, and for its size could compare with any European force of equal numbers, in discipline and efficiency.

It can hardly be expected that these new levies, so suddenly called upon to serve (no matter how

well they may fight) will at once come up to the high standard of the regular army, and I think it advisable to point out the distinction before going to press.

This war between the United States and Spain has already taught us a lesson with regard to our food supplies, which I hope the present price of wheat and flour will impress strongly on the constituencies at the next General Election (irrespective of party politics) the necessity of directing attention to this most vital and important subject.

We might also study what the effect of a sudden call to arms would mean for ourselves.

With our enormous possessions scattered all over the world, our army is merely sufficient for "Police duties," such as they are called upon to perform in the Soudan, Indian frontier, or East and West Africa, at the present time.

A big European war, such as at any moment we might have to face, would tax our capabilities to the utmost.

I have always been of an opinion, and have urged it by letters to the "Press" as far back as twenty years ago, that the most economical plan for guarding against or meeting this contingency would be by largely increasing the number of subalterns and non-commissioned officers in our European and native regiments, so that, in the

event of an extraordinary demand for a large force, we might officer it without particular detriment to the regiments they were drafted from.

We have in our possessions an almost unlimited supply of fighting material, much of it of the very finest quality.

Fuzzy-wuzzy and the Zulus took a bit of beating, even with the assistance of breech-loaders and machine guns ; and Paythans, Sikhs, and other fighting nations too numerous to mention, can all be drawn on, in the event of their services being required for a great war.

There would be no kind of difficulty in putting a million first-class fighting men in the field, providing we had money to pay them (which we have), but officering and non-commissioned officering them is quite another pair of shoes, which even money (without time) cannot provide.

Our army is notoriously under-officered at the present moment, and when our turn comes to fight, as come it positively must sooner or later, it will be the junior regimental officers and non-commissioned officers, *who have been taught their trade*, that we shall find the want of, and not the men.

If the nation does not care to face the expense of maintaining a large standing army, such as those of France, Germany, and Russia, surely its next wisest course would be to see that its

facilities for raising one in the shortest possible time were in proper working order ; and a large reserve of effective non-commissioned officers and subalterns, to officer, drill, and lead the newly-raised native regiments, would be the cheapest and most effective substitute for a standing army the country could possibly procure.

I have just learned that my dear old friend General Coppinger has been given a step in rank and an active command, and may now be on his way to Cuba.

In my wanderings I have visited both Manila and Havana, the present seats of war, and certainly Cuba is not the country I should have selected for a campaign from what I saw of it, had it been a matter of choice, though I should greatly like to be with my old friends on their present expedition.

The 9th Cavalry are also under orders for the front, and all the officers with whom I spent last summer on the Rockies will now be engaged in Cuba. From what I know of them and the General they will be just as jolly and cheery on government rations (and possibly not too much of them either) as they were on the head waters of the Snake River, in Dr. Seward Webb's camp, with a swagger cook and unlimited champagne. May they have a successful campaign and a safe return.

The memo. from the Adjutant General's office is more for the benefit of my military readers than the general public, but it will interest the former to hear how the men in the U.S. army are treated in comparison with ours, both services being supported by voluntary enlistment.

GENERAL ORDERS, } No. 37.	WAR DEPARTMENT, ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE, <i>Washington, June 12th, 1897.</i>
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The accompanying tables of the price of clothing and equipage, and of tableware and kitchen utensils, for the Army of the United States, with the money allowance for clothing of the enlisted men for each year and day, also of the allowances of equipage and of tableware and kitchen utensils, is published for the information and guidance of all concerned, to take effect July 1st, 1897, and to remain in force until further orders.

The made and unmade blouses will hereafter be carried on the Return of Quartermaster's Supplies according to sizes and will be charged and accounted for at the prices established for each particular size.

Revised blank forms 65 and 86, amended to correspond with the foregoing, will be furnished and should be used for all issues on and after July 1st, 1897.

BY ORDER OF THE ACTING SECRETARY OF WAR :

SAM'L BRECK,
Acting Adjutant General.

Statement of the price at which Clothing for the Army of the United States will be issued from July 1st, 1897, until further orders.

Clothing.	Ordnance Sergeants.	Engineers.	Artillery.	Infantry.	Light Artillery.	Cavalry.	Indian Scouts.	
Blanket, woollen	\$2.83	\$2.83	\$2.83	\$2.83	\$2.83	\$2.83	\$2.83	each.
Blouse, made, size 1	3.16	3.12	3.12	3.12	3.12	3.12	3.12	"
Blouse, made, size 2	3.16	3.12	3.12	3.12	3.12	3.12	3.12	"
Blouse, made, size 3	3.30	3.25	3.25	3.25	3.25	3.25	3.25	"
Blouse, made, size 4	3.42	3.37	3.37	3.37	3.37	3.37	3.37	"
Blouse, made, size 5	3.56	3.51	3.51	3.51	3.51	3.51	3.51	"
Blouse, made, size 6	3.56	3.51	3.51	3.51	3.51	3.51	3.51	"
Blouse, unmade, size 1	2.41	2.37	2.37	2.37	2.37	2.37	2.37	"
Blouse, unmade, size 2	2.41	2.37	2.37	2.37	2.37	2.37	2.37	"
Blouse, unmade, size 3	2.55	2.50	2.50	2.50	2.50	2.50	2.50	"
Blouse, unmade, size 4	2.67	2.62	2.62	2.62	2.62	2.62	2.62	"
Blouse, unmade, size 5	2.81	2.76	2.76	2.76	2.76	2.76	2.76	"
Blouse, unmade, size 6	2.81	2.76	2.76	2.76	2.76	2.76	2.76	"
Boots, sewed	2.89	2.89	2.89	pair.
Brassard (red) for company litter bearer12	.12	.12	.12	.12	...	each.
Cap (or hood), canvas, blanket lined	1.75	1.75	1.75	1.75	1.75	1.75	1.75	"
Cap, forage57	.57	.57	.57	.57	.57	.57	"
Cap, forage, ornaments for13	.20	.11	.11	.11	.11	.07	"
Cap, forage, ornaments with letters only19	"
Cap, forage, ornaments with numbers only10	.10	.10	.10	...	"
Cap, forage, ornaments, without letters or numbers09	.09	.09	.09	...	"
Cap, forage, ornaments, for field musicians11	.11	.11	.11	.11	...	"
Caps, fur72	.72	.72	.72	.72	.72	.72	"
Chevrons, cloth:								
Non-commissioned Staff36	pair.
Sergeant Majors39	.39	.3742	...	"
Quartermaster Sergeants35	.35	.3337	...	"
Principal Musicians34	.33	"
Saddler Sergeants36	...	"
Chief Trumpeters42	...	"
Colour Sergeants34	.34	.3336	...	"
First Sergeants34	.34	.32	.34	.36	.42	"
Sergeants20	.20	.18	.20	.22	.29	"
Corporals15	.15	.14	.15	.17	.22	"
Lance Corporals11	.11	.10	.11	.11	.14	"

Clothing.	Ordnance Sergeants.	Engineers.	Artillery.	Infantry.	Light Artillery.	Cavalry.	Indian Scouts.	
<i>Chevrons, cloth—continued.</i>								
Farriers					\$.47	\$.49	pair.
Pioneers		\$.37	\$.37	\$.36	.37	.39	"
Service, war, Hosp. Corps	\$.17	.24	.17	.15	.17	.17	"
Candidate's stripes15	.15	.15	.15	.15	.15	"
First-class Gunners' insignia08		.08		each.
<i>Chevrons, gold lace:</i>								
Non-commissioned Staff	3.67						pair.
Sergeant Majors		4.38	4.05	4.01		4.09	"
Quartermaster Sergeants		3.95	3.72	3.69		3.75	"
Principal Musicians			3.31	3.30			"
Saddler Sergeants						3.51	"
Chief Trumpeters						3.91	"
Colour Sergeants		3.17	2.81	2.79		2.87	"
First Sergeants		3.11	2.74	2.73	2.74	2.80	"
Sergeants		2.57	2.33	2.31	2.33	2.39	2.43	"
Corporals		1.78	1.58	1.57	1.58	1.60	1.66	"
Lance Corporals		1.03	.87	.86	.87	.90	.92	"
Service, peace or war51	.62	.51	.51	.51	.51	.51	"
Candidate's stripes90	.90	.90	.90	.90	.90	"
<i>Coats:</i>								
Canvas, fatigue	1.04	1.04	1.04	1.04	1.04	1.04	1.04	each.
Uniform, made	4.94	4.83	4.83	4.78	4.97	5.04	4.83	"
Uniform, unmade	3.69	3.58	3.58	3.53	3.47	3.54	3.58	"
Uniform, musician's, made		5.37	5.37	5.37	5.58	5.58	"
Uniform, musician's, unmade		3.62	3.62	3.62	3.63	3.63	"
Uniform, facings for, including silk47	.44	.44	.39	.50	.57	.44	set.
Collars, linen04	.04	.04	.04	.04	.04	.04	each.
Cravats, black silk12	.12	.12	.12	.12	.12	.12	"
Drawers, cotton flannel48	.48	.48	.48	.48	.48	.48	pair.
Drawers, knit wool40	.40	.40	.40	.40	.40	.40	"
Gauntlets, leather (buckskin)					1.32	1.32	1.32	"
Gauntlets, muskrat	1.63	1.63	1.63	1.63	1.63	1.63	1.63	"
Gloves, Berlin10	.10	.10	.10	.10	.10	.10	"
Hats, campaign84	.84	.84	.84	.84	.84	.84	each.
¹ Cord and tassel07	.07	.07	.07	.07	.07	.20	"
Ornament for25	"
<i>Helmets:</i>								
Cork	1.12	1.12	1.12	1.12	1.12	1.12	1.12	"
Felt, without trimmings	1.03	1.03	1.03	1.03	1.03	1.03	1.03	"
Cord and band60	.60	.60	.60	.60	.68	"
Device for shield of eagle03	.02					.07	"
Eagle04	.04	.04	.04	.04	.04	.04	"
Hair plume49	.49	.49	.49	.49	.78	"
Number (white metal)01	.01	.01	.01	"

¹ Until exhausted.

Clothing.	Ordnance Sergeants.	Engineers.	Artillery.	Infantry.	Light Artillery.	Cavalry.	Indian Scouts.	
<i>Helmets—continued.</i>								
Scrolls and rings	\$.01	\$.01	\$.01	\$.01	\$.01	\$.01	pair.
Side buttons	\$.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.04	"
Socket for plume15	.15	.15	.15	.15	.15	each.
Spike06	.06	.06	.06	"
Top piece or base02	.02	.02	.02	.02	.02	.02	"
Leggings, canvas55	.55	.55	.55	.67	.67	.67	pair.
<i>Mittens:</i>								
Canvas20	.20	.20	.20	.20	.20	.20	"
Wool50	.50	.50	.50	.50	.50	.50	"
Overalls	1.5061	.61	.61	"
<i>Overcoats:</i>								
Kersey, made	9.01	8.96	8.96	8.36	8.96	8.79	10.83	each.
Kersey, unmade	8.12	8.07	8.07	7.47	8.07	7.90	9.94	"
Kersey, cape linings	1.62	1.62	1.62	1.02	1.62	1.46	1.62	"
Overboots, arctic	2.22	2.22	2.22	2.22	2.22	2.22	2.22	pair.
Ponchos, rubber	1.28	1.28	1.28	1.28	1.28	1.28	1.28	each.
<i>Shirts:</i>								
D. B. flannel, made	1.94	1.94	1.94	1.94	1.94	1.94	1.94	"
D. B. flannel, unmade ..	1.49	1.49	1.49	1.49	1.49	1.49	1.49	"
Muslin29	.29	.29	.29	.29	.29	.29	"
Muslin, bone studs for ..	.02	.02	.02	.02	.02	.02	.02	"
Under, cotton31	.31	.31	.31	.31	.31	.31	"
Under, wool, knit38	.38	.38	.38	.38	.38	.38	"
<i>Shoes:</i>								
Barrack80	.80	.80	.80	.80	.80	.80	pair.
Calfskin	1.89	1.89	1.89	1.89	1.89	1.89	1.89	"
Stable frocks76	7.6	.76	each.
<i>Stockings:</i>								
Cotton, all colours06	.06	.06	.06	.06	.06	.06	pair.
Woollen23	.23	.23	.23	.23	.23	.23	"
<i>Summer clothing:</i>								
Sack coats, N. C. O.	1.11	1.11	1.11	1.11	1.11	1.11	1.11	each.
Sack coats, private's	1.10	1.10	1.10	1.10	1.10	1.10	"
Trousers, N. C. O.97	.97	.97	.97	.97	.97	.97	pair.
Trousers, private's96	.96	.96	.96	.96	.96	"
Suspenders21	.21	.21	.21	.21	.21	.21	"
<i>Trousers:</i>								
Canvas fatigue94	.94	.94	.94	.94	.94	.94	pair.
Kersey, made	2.32	2.32	2.32	2.32	2.97	2.97	2.97	"
Kersey, unmade	1.57	1.77	1.57	1.57	1.97	1.97	1.97	"
Trousers stripes30	"
Sergeant's39	.21	.19	.21	.24	.39	"
Corporal's26	.14	.12	.14	.16	.26	"
Musician's48	.27	.21	.27	.31	.46	"

NOTE.—Under paragraph 1196 of the Regulations officers may purchase of cloth, kersey, flannel, and clothing procured for the enlisted men, such quantities as they may require for their own personal use, at the prices given in this order. Purchases may also be made by officers for their servants, under paragraph 1197 of the Regulations, of the articles therein named.

Allowance of Clothing in Kind (the aggregate cost of same constituting the annual Money Allowance of the Enlisted Men).

Articles.	Year.						Total for five years.
	First.		Second.	Third.	Fourth.	Fifth.	
	1st 6 mos.	2nd 6 mos.					
Blankets, woollen.....no..	2	2	
Blouses.....no..	1	..	1	1	1	3	
Boots for mounted troops.....pairs..	1	..	1	..	1	3	
Caps, forage.....no..	1	1	1	1	1	6	
Caps, forage, ornaments for.....no..	1	1	..	1	..	4	
Chevrons, cloth.....pairs..	2	..	1	1	1	6	
Chevrons, gold lace.....pairs..	1	1	..	2	
Coats, canvas fatigue.....no..	1	..	1	1	1	5	
Coats, uniform dress.....no..	1	1	..	2	
Collars, linen.....no..	8	4	12	12	12	60	
Drawers.....pairs..	2	1	3	3	3	15	
Gauntlets, leather.....pairs..	1	..	1	..	1	3	
Gloves, Berlin, for foot troops.....pairs..	4	4	8	8	8	40	
Gloves, Berlin, for mounted troops.....pairs..	2	2	4	4	4	20	
Hats, campaign.....no..	1	..	1	1	1	5	
Helmets and trimmings, complete.....no..	1	1	..	2	
Overalls for engineers and mounted troops pairs.....	1	..	1	1	1	5	
Overcoats.....no..	1	1	
Shirts, dark-blue flannel.....no..	2	1	2	2	2	11	
Shirts, wool-knit under.....no..	2	1	3	3	3	15	
Shoes, barrack.....pairs..	1	..	1	1	1	5	
Shoes, calfskin, for foot troops.....pairs..	2	1	2	3	2	12	
Shoes, calfskin, for mounted troops.....pairs..	1	1	1	2	1	7	
Stable frocks for mounted troops.....no..	1	1	..	2	
Stockings, cotton.....pairs..	3	3	6	6	6	30	
Stockings, woollen.....pairs..	3	1	4	4	4	20	
Suspenders.....pairs..	1	..	1	1	1	5	
Trousers, canvas fatigue.....pairs..	1	..	1	1	1	5	
Trousers, kersey.....pairs..	2	1	2	2	2	10	
Trousers stripes.....pairs..	2	1	2	2	2	10	
Band Musicians authorized by law are entitled to mounted helmets, and in addition to the foregoing to the follow- ing articles:							
Aiguillette and shoulder knots.....no..	1	1	..	2	
Music pouch.....no..	1	1	
Trousers, white.....pairs..	2	1	2	2	2	10	

The following articles will be furnished by the Quartermaster's Department upon approval by the Department, Staff, or Post commanders. They do not form part of the annual money allowance of clothing :

Articles.	Year.						Total for five years.
	First.		Second.	Third.	Fourth.	Fifth.	
	1st 6 mos.	2nd 6 mos.					
Caps, canvas ¹	1	..	1	1	1	1	5
Caps, fur ²	1	..	1	1	1	1	5
Gauntlets, muskrat ²	1	..	1	1	1	1	5
Mittens, canvas ¹	1	..	1	1	1	1	5
Mittens, wool ²	1	1	2	2	2	2	10
Overshoes, arctic ²	1	1	2

Whenever required, the following articles will be supplied by the Quartermaster's Department and charged to the enlisted men at cost price. They do not form part of the annual money allowance :

Articles.	Year.						Total for five years.
	First.		Second.	Third.	Fourth.	Fifth.	
	1st 6 mos.	2nd 6 mos.					
Cravats	2	..	2	2	2	2	10
Cork helmets (in lieu of campaign hats) ..	1	1	2
Leggings, canvas	1	..	1	1	1	1	5
Ponchos, rubber	1	1	..	1	3

White cotton undershirts, white muslin shirts, summer coats and trousers (bleached for non-commissioned officers and unbleached for privates and members of the Hospital Corps on ward duty), and knit wool drawers will be supplied upon application to the Quartermaster's Department. They will be charged at cost price, but are not computed in the soldier's annual money allowance.

White brassards, issued to privates of the Hospital Corps, will be charged at cost price, but the red brassards, for company litter bearers, will be charged only in case of loss or damage.

¹ To be charged only in case of loss or damage.

² To be charged at cost price at time of issue.

The allowance of red brassards will be four to each battery, troop, or company.

The insignia for first-class gunners as well as service chevrons (peace or war) are issued without charge.

Overcoats made of fur or other suitable warm material will be issued and accounted for in the manner prescribed by Par. 1191 of the Regulations.

Chief musicians have the same allowance of clothing as Quartermaster Sergeants. (See Section 1279 of the Revised Statutes.)

Post Quartermaster Sergeants have the same allowance as Ordnance Sergeants. (Act of Congress approved July 5th, 1894.)

Hospital Stewards have the same allowance as Ordnance Sergeants. (Act of Congress approved March 1st, 1887.)

Acting Hospital Stewards and privates of the Hospital Corps have the same allowance as a corporal of the arm of service with which on duty. (Act of Congress approved March 1st, 1887.)

Indians employed as scouts, while in service, will receive the pay and allowances of Cavalry soldiers. (Par. 481 of the Regulations.)

The money allowance for clothing for the first year of each enlistment is allotted by half-years, and the allowance for the second, third, fourth, and fifth years enlistment should be divided by two to obtain the semi-annual allowance. There is no monthly allowance. The money allowance tables give the daily proportion, estimating 365 days to the year, which should be used only for fractional periods less than the half-year.

Each enlisted man is allowed, for the first year of every enlistment, the sum of five dollars for the purpose of having his clothing altered and fitted to his person. This sum is included in the first six months of the first year's allowance as published in the accompanying tables.

The annual money allowance of band sergeants and band musicians (authorized by Par. 245 of the Regulations) will be the same as that for company sergeants and privates of the respective arms from which they are detailed, and such articles of band uniforms, including music pouches, as do not form part of their annual clothing allowance to which they are authorized, may be issued, but not charged to them, except in case of loss or damage. The articles thus issued without charge will, however, remain the property of the United States.

A soldier may, when necessary, be relieved from ordinary military duty to make, repair, or alter uniforms. The post council will fix the rates to be charged, which will not exceed the cost of doing such work at the clothing depot, and company commanders will cause to be deducted from the pay of enlisted men and turned over to the proper party the amount properly due therefor. (Par. 263 of the Regulations.)

Enlisted men who, upon their enlistment, are furnished with overcoats having different cape linings from the arm of service to which they are finally assigned, will be furnished, without cost, with new linings, and the sum of \$1.00 each for inserting said linings will be defrayed by the Quartermaster's Department upon receipt of estimate of funds.

In no case should the Quartermaster's Department be put to the expense of changing any part of the uniform by reason of *voluntary* transfer of men from one arm of the service to another.

The gratuitous issue of one cord and tassel with each campaign hat drawn by the

enlisted men of the Army is authorized until the stock of those now on hand at posts or at the general depots of the Quartermaster's Department shall have become exhausted. (Decision Sec. War, Feb. 25th, 1887.)

The issue of overcoat capes to enlisted men, separately from the overcoat, is not authorized. (Decision Sec. War. Letter Dec. 3rd, 1885.)

Each prisoner, upon his release from confinement under a court-martial sentence, involving dishonourable discharge, is entitled to a suit of citizen's outer clothing, at a cost of not to exceed ten dollars. (Act of Congress approved March 16th, 1896.)

Allowance of Equipage.

IN CAMP OR GARRISON.

	Tents.			Axes.	Hatchets.	Spades.	Pickaxes.	Camp kettles.	Mess pans.
	Conical wall.	Wall.	Common.						
A general officer	3	..	1	1
Field and staff officer above rank of captain	2	..	1	1
Other staff officers or captains	1	..	1	1
Subalterns of companies, to every two	1	..	1	1
To every 6 foot or 4 mounted men	1
To every 15 foot or 13 mounted men	2	2	2	2	2	5
To every 20 foot or 17 mounted men	1

Tents for the Sick, their Attendants, and Hospital Supplies.

	Tents.	
	Hospital.	Common.
For 1 company	1	1
For 2 companies	1	1
For 3 companies	2	1
For 4 companies	2	1
For 5 companies	3	1
For 6 companies	3	1
For 7 companies	3	1
For 8 companies	3	1
For 9 companies	4	1
For 10 companies	4	1

Barrack Chairs.

Barracks will be supplied with chairs, at a rate not exceeding one for each non-commissioned officer and one for every two of the other enlisted men quartered therein. (Par. 982 of the Regulations.)

Corn Brooms and Scrubbing Brushes.

A monthly allowance of three brooms and two scrubbing brushes will be issued to each company, and an annual allowance of six scrubbing brushes to each post bakery is authorized. They will habitually be drawn quarterly, but may be drawn when needed.

If less than the maximum allowance is drawn in one quarter, credit cannot be given in another. The allowance for each non-commissioned staff officer will be three brooms and two scrubbing brushes per annum. (Par. 1203 of the Regulations.)

Post commanders may, when necessary, order the issue of six brooms per annum to each public office and building furnished by the Quartermaster's Department, as follows: Post commander's and quartermaster's offices, quartermaster's warehouse, post bakery, school, chapel, and library. The necessity for, and the fact of issue, must in all cases be certified by the officer in charge of the office or building and verified by the post commander. (Par. 1204 of the Regulations.)

Table specifying the Money Allowance for Clothing to Enlisted Men of the U.S. Army, from July 1st, 1897.

	Ordnance.		Hospital Corps.		Engineers.																							
					Sergeants.		Corporals.		Privates.		Sergeant Majors.		Quartermaster Sergeants.		Colour Sergeant.		Sergeants.		Corporals.		Lance Corporals (reap- pointment).		Lance Corporals (1st ap- pointment).		Musicians.		Privates.	
Total first 6 months, 1st year	54.20	55.30	52.38	51.28	49.09	56.94	56.39	55.66	54.75	53.65	52.74	52.38	52.56	51.10	51.10	51.10	51.10	51.10	51.10	51.10	51.10	51.10	51.10	51.10	51.10	51.10	51.10	51.10
Total second 6 months, 1st year	8.94	9.31	8.94	8.76	8.76	9.31	9.31	9.31	9.31	9.12	9.12	8.94	9.49	8.94	8.94	8.94	8.94	8.94	8.94	8.94	8.94	8.94	8.94	8.94	8.94	8.94	8.94	8.94
Total 2nd year	26.28	26.64	25.91	25.55	25.18	28.10	28.10	28.10	28.10	27.74	27.74	27.01	28.10	27.01	27.01	27.01	27.01	27.01	27.01	27.01	27.01	27.01	27.01	27.01	27.01	27.01	27.01	27.01
Total 3rd year	37.96	38.32	36.13	35.40	33.21	40.51	40.15	39.42	38.69	37.59	36.86	36.13	36.50	35.04	35.04	35.04	35.04	35.04	35.04	35.04	35.04	35.04	35.04	35.04	35.04	35.04	35.04	35.04
Total 4th year	26.28	26.64	25.91	25.55	25.18	28.10	28.10	28.10	28.10	27.74	27.74	27.01	28.10	27.01	27.01	27.01	27.01	27.01	27.01	27.01	27.01	27.01	27.01	27.01	27.01	27.01	27.01	27.01
Total 5th year	23.72	24.09	23.36	23.36	22.99	25.55	25.55	25.55	25.55	25.18	25.18	24.82	25.18	24.82	24.82	24.82	24.82	24.82	24.82	24.82	24.82	24.82	24.82	24.82	24.82	24.82	24.82	24.82
Total for 5 years	177.68	180.30	172.63	169.90	164.41	188.51	187.60	186.14	184.13	181.02	179.38	176.29	179.93	173.92	173.92	173.92	173.92	173.92	173.92	173.92	173.92	173.92	173.92	173.92	173.92	173.92	173.92	173.92
Per day, first 6 months, 1st year097	.303	.287	.281	.269	.312	.309	.305	.3	.294	.289	.287	.288	.28	.28	.28	.28	.28	.28	.28	.28	.28	.28	.28	.28	.28	.28	.28
Per day, second 6 months, 1st year049	.051	.049	.048	.048	.051	.051	.051	.051	.05	.05	.049	.052	.049	.049	.049	.049	.049	.049	.049	.049	.049	.049	.049	.049	.049	.049	.049
Per day, 2nd year072	.073	.071	.07	.069	.077	.077	.077	.077	.076	.076	.074	.077	.074	.074	.074	.074	.074	.074	.074	.074	.074	.074	.074	.074	.074	.074	.074
Per day, 3rd year104	.105	.099	.097	.091	.111	.11	.108	.106	.103	.101	.099	.1	.096	.096	.096	.096	.096	.096	.096	.096	.096	.096	.096	.096	.096	.096	.096
Per day, 4th year072	.073	.071	.07	.069	.077	.077	.077	.077	.076	.076	.074	.077	.074	.074	.074	.074	.074	.074	.074	.074	.074	.074	.074	.074	.074	.074	.074
Per day, 5th year065	.066	.064	.064	.064	.07	.07	.07	.069	.069	.069	.068	.069	.068	.068	.068	.068	.068	.068	.068	.068	.068	.068	.068	.068	.068	.068	.068

Table specifying the Money Allowance for Clothing to Enlisted Men of the U.S. Army, from July 1st, 1897—contd.

	Cavalry.										Light Artillery.				
	Sergeant Majors.	Quartermaster Sergeants.	Chief Trumpeters.	Saddler Sergeants.	Colour Sergeants.	First Sergeants.	Sergeants.	Corporals.	Lance Corporals (reap- pointment).	Lance Corporals (1st ap- pointment).	Trumpeters.	Artificers and Privates.	First Sergeants.	Sergeants.	Corporals.
Total first 6 months, 1st year ..	60.41	60.04	59.22	59.68	59.13	59.13	58.40	57.30	56.57	56.21	56.21	55.11	58.95	58.22	57.30
Total second 6 months, 1st year ..	9.31	9.31	9.31	9.31	9.31	9.31	9.31	9.31	9.31	9.12	9.49	9.12	9.31	9.31	9.31
Total 2nd year	29.93	29.93	29.93	29.93	29.93	29.93	29.56	29.56	29.56	29.20	29.56	28.83	29.56	29.56	29.56
Total 3rd year	39.78	39.42	39.78	39.42	38.69	38.69	37.96	36.86	36.13	35.77	36.13	35.04	38.32	37.96	36.86
Total 4th year	29.93	29.93	29.93	29.93	29.93	29.93	29.56	29.56	29.56	29.20	29.56	28.83	29.56	29.56	29.56
Total 5th year	22.63	22.63	22.63	22.63	22.63	22.63	22.26	22.26	22.26	21.90	22.26	21.90	22.63	22.26	22.26
Total for 5 years	191.99	191.26	191.80	190.90	189.62	189.62	187.05	184.85	183.39	181.40	183.21	178.83	188.33	186.87	184.85
Per day, first 6 months, 1st year ..	.331	.329	.33	.327	.324	.324	.32	.314	.31	.308	.308	.302	.323	.319	.314
Per day, second 6 months, 1st year051	.051	.051	.051	.051	.051	.051	.051	.051	.05	.052	.05	.051	.051	.051
Per day, and year082	.082	.082	.082	.082	.082	.081	.081	.081	.08	.081	.079	.081	.081	.081
Per day, 3rd year109	.108	.109	.108	.106	.106	.104	.101	.099	.098	.099	.096	.105	.104	.101
Per day, 4th year082	.082	.082	.082	.082	.082	.081	.081	.081	.08	.081	.079	.081	.081	.081
Per day, 5th year062	.062	.062	.062	.062	.062	.061	.061	.061	.06	.061	.06	.062	.061	.061

Table specifying the Money Allowance for Clothing to Enlisted Men of the U.S. Army, from July 1st, 1897—contd.

	Light Artillery—continued.				Artillery.											
	Lance Corporals (reap- pointment).	Lance Corporals (1st ap- pointment).	Musicians.	Artificers and Privates.	Sergeant Majors.	Quartermaster Sergeants.	Principal Musicians.	Colour Sergeants.	First Sergeants.	Sergeants.	Corporals.	Lance Corporals (reap- pointment).	Lance Corporals (1st ap- pointment).	Musicians.	Artificers and Privates.	
Total first 6 months, 1st year ..	56.57	56.21	56.21	55.11	54.20	53.84	53.47	52.92	52.92	52.92	51.28	50.37	50.19	50.19	49.09	
Total second 6 months, 1st year ..	9.31	9.12	9.12	9.12	8.94	8.94	8.94	8.94	8.94	8.94	8.76	8.76	8.58	8.58	8.38	
Total and year	30.20	29.30	29.30	29.30	29.30	29.30	29.30	29.30	29.30	29.30	29.30	29.30	29.30	29.30	29.30	
Total 3rd year	36.13	35.77	36.13	34.67	37.96	37.59	37.23	36.86	36.50	36.13	35.04	34.31	34.31	35.55	33.21	
Total 4th year	29.20	29.20	29.20	28.83	25.91	25.91	25.91	25.91	25.91	25.91	25.55	25.55	25.18	25.55	25.18	
Total 5th year	22.26	21.90	22.26	21.90	23.36	23.36	23.36	23.36	23.36	23.36	23.36	23.36	22.99	23.36	22.99	
Total for 5 years	182.67	181.40	183.03	178.46	176.28	175.55	174.82	173.90	173.54	172.44	169.54	167.90	166.43	167.90	164.23	
Per day, first 6 months, 1st year ..	.31	.308	.308	.302	.297	.295	.293	.29	.29	.286	.281	.276	.275	.275	.269	
Per day, second 6 months, 1st year ..	.051	.05	.051	.05	.049	.049	.049	.049	.049	.049	.048	.048	.047	.049	.047	
Per day, 2nd year08	.08	.081	.079	.071	.071	.071	.071	.071	.071	.07	.07	.069	.07	.069	
Per day, 3rd year099	.098	.099	.095	.104	.103	.102	.101	.1	.099	.096	.094	.094	.094	.091	
Per day, 4th year08	.08	.081	.079	.071	.071	.071	.071	.071	.071	.071	.07	.069	.07	.069	
Per day, 5th year061	.06	.061	.06	.064	.064	.064	.064	.064	.064	.064	.064	.063	.064	.063	

Table specifying the Money Allowance for Clothing to Enlisted Men of the U. S. Army, from July 1st, 1897—contd.

	Infantry.										Signal Corps.		Indian Scouts.
	Sergeant Majors.	Quartermaster Sergeants.	Principal Musicians.	Colour Sergeants.	First Sergeants.	Sergeants.	Corporals.	Lance Corporals (reap- pointment).	Lance Corporals (1st ap- pointment).	Musicians.	Artificers and Privates.	Sergeants, 1st class.	
Total first 6 months, 1st year ..	\$ 53.47	\$ 53.11	\$ 52.74	\$ 52.19	\$ 52.19	\$ 51.46	\$ 50.55	\$ 49.64	\$ 49.46	\$ 48.36	\$ 48.36	\$ 64.24	\$ 63.14
Total second 6 months, 1st year ..	8.76	8.76	8.76	8.76	8.76	8.76	8.76	8.76	8.58	8.94	8.58	10.04	9.49
Total 2nd year	25.91	25.91	25.91	25.91	25.91	25.55	25.55	25.55	25.18	25.55	25.18	27.74	31.02
Total 3rd year	37.96	37.59	37.23	36.50	36.50	36.13	35.04	34.31	33.94	33.94	33.21	38.69	42.34
Total 4th year	25.91	25.91	25.91	25.91	25.91	25.55	25.55	25.55	25.18	25.55	25.18	27.74	31.02
Total 5th year	23.36	23.36	23.36	23.36	23.36	23.36	23.36	22.99	22.99	22.99	22.99	24.09	24.09
Total for 5 years	175.37	174.64	173.91	172.63	172.63	170.81	168.81	166.80	165.33	166.43	163.50	188.34	202.20
Per day, first 6 months, 1st year ..	.293	.291	.289	.286	.282	.277	.272	.271	.271	.271	.265	.329	.352
Per day, second 6 months, 1st year ..	.048	.048	.048	.048	.048	.048	.048	.047	.049	.049	.047	.055	.052
Per day, 2nd year071	.071	.071	.071	.071	.071	.071	.069	.071	.071	.069	.076	.085
Per day, 3rd year104	.103	.103	.103	.103	.103	.103	.094	.093	.093	.091	.106	.116
Per day, 4th year071	.071	.071	.071	.071	.071	.071	.069	.071	.071	.069	.076	.085
Per day, 5th year064	.064	.064	.064	.064	.064	.064	.063	.063	.063	.063	.066	.066

*Prices at which articles of Tableware and Kitchen Utensils will be
charged in case of loss, damage, or otherwise.*

Dinner plates	per doz..	\$1.23	Tea spoons	per doz..	\$1.47
Soup plates	per doz..	1.32	Table spoons.....	per doz..	2.95
Meat plates	per doz..	13.48	Table forks	per doz..	2.95
Cups	per doz..	1.36	Table knives.....	per doz..	1.98
Saucers	per doz..	1.36	Bread knives.....	per doz..	1.73
Water pitchers	per doz..	9.96	Butcher knives.....	per doz..	2.22
Vegetable dishes	per doz..	5.21	Chopping bowls	per doz..	4.15
Salt cellars.....	per doz..	.78	Coffee mills	each..	4.80
Pepper boxes	per doz..	.68	Meat saws	per doz..	11.80
Sirup pitchers	per doz..	5.40	Scales and weights	each..	3.19
Bowls	per doz..	1.50	Frying pans.....	per doz..	5.29
Pickle dishes.....	per doz..	2.25	Meat forks	per doz..	.75
Sugar bowls	per doz..	4.61	Meat choppers	each..	5.84
Gravy boats	per doz..	4.73	Meat cutters (sausage machines)		
Mustard pots	per doz..	1.52	each..		3.26
Tumblers	per doz..	.42	Carving sets.....	per doz..	16.32
Dippers	per doz..	.48	Cleavers	per doz..	7.61
Soup ladles	per doz..	1.20	Mustard spoons	per doz..	.19
Skimmers	per doz..	.60	Flour sieves	per doz..	5.80
Dish pans	per doz..	3.31	Can openers	per doz..	.59
Basting spoons	per doz..	.66	Graters	per doz..	1.63

*Statement showing allowance of China and Glassware for fiscal year 1897-8, under General Orders, No. 7,
A. G. O., 1895, and Circular No. 3, A. G. O., 1895.*

	Price per Doz.	Band. 24 Men.	60 Men.	61 Men.	62 Men.	63 Men.	64 Men.	65 Men.	66 Men.	67 Men.
Dinner plates	\$1.23	24 \$2.46	60 \$6.15	61 \$6.25	62 \$6.36	63 \$6.46	64 \$6.56	65 \$6.66	66 \$6.77	67 \$6.87
Soup plates	1.32	24 2.64	60 6.60	61 6.71	62 6.82	63 6.93	64 7.04	65 7.15	66 7.26	67 7.37
Meat plates	1.38	24 3.37	60 6.74	61 6.91	62 7.03	63 7.14	64 7.25	65 7.37	66 7.48	67 7.59
Cups	1.36	24 2.72	60 6.80	61 6.91	62 7.03	63 7.14	64 7.25	65 7.37	66 7.48	67 7.59
Saucers	1.36	24 2.72	60 6.80	61 6.91	62 7.03	63 7.14	64 7.25	65 7.37	66 7.48	67 7.59
Water pitchers.....	9.06	3 2.49	6 4.08	6 4.08	6 4.08	6 4.08	6 4.08	6 4.08	6 4.08	6 4.08
Vegetable dishes	5.21	12 5.21	30 13.03	30 13.03	30 13.03	30 13.03	30 13.03	30 13.03	30 13.03	30 13.03
Salt cellars78	12 .78	30 2.34	30 2.34	30 2.34	30 2.34	30 2.34	30 2.34	30 2.34	30 2.34
Pepper boxes68	6 .34	12 .68	12 .68	12 .68	12 .68	12 .68	12 .68	12 .68	12 .68
Soup pitchers	5.40	6 5.40	12 5.40	12 5.40	12 5.40	12 5.40	12 5.40	12 5.40	12 5.40	12 5.40
Bowls	1.50	24 3.00	60 7.50	61 7.63	62 7.75	63 7.88	64 8.00	65 8.13	66 8.25	67 8.38
Pickle dishes	2.25	12 2.25	30 6.75	30 6.91	30 7.03	30 7.14	30 7.25	30 7.37	30 7.48	30 7.59
Sugar bowls.....	4.61	6 2.31	12 4.61	12 4.61	12 4.61	12 4.61	12 4.61	12 4.61	12 4.61	12 4.61
Gravy bowls.....	4.73	6 2.37	12 4.73	12 4.73	12 4.73	12 4.73	12 4.73	12 4.73	12 4.73	12 4.73
Mustard pots	1.52	12 1.52	30 4.56	30 4.61	30 4.61	30 4.61	30 4.61	30 4.61	30 4.61	30 4.61
Tumblers48	24 .84	60 2.40	61 2.44	62 2.47	63 2.51	64 2.54	65 2.58	66 2.61	67 2.65
Total value		\$35.83	\$79.92	\$80.52	\$81.13	\$81.73	\$82.31	\$82.93	\$83.52	\$84.12
Annual allowance, 20 per cent.		7.17	15.98	16.10	16.23	16.35	16.46	16.58	16.69	16.80
Quarterly allowance, 5 per cent.		1.79	4.00	4.03	4.06	4.09	4.12	4.21	4.24	4.27
Quarterly allowance, per man08	.07	.07	.07	.06	.06	.06	.06	.06

Statement showing allowance of China and Glasware for fiscal year 1897-8—contd.

	Price per Doz.	Price each.	68 Men.	69 Men.	70 Men.	71 Men.	72 Men.	73 Men.	74 Men.	75 Men.	Engineer Battalion. 100 Men.
Dinner plates.....	\$1.23	\$6.97	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	100
Soup plates.....	1.32	7.48	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	100
Meat plates.....	13.48	6.74	6	6	7	7	7	7	7	7	100
Cups.....	1.36	7.71	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	100
Sauces.....	1.36	7.71	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	100
Water pitchers.....	9.96	4.98	6	6	7	7	7	7	7	7	100
Vegetable dishes.....	5.21	14.33	33	33	36	36	36	36	36	39	54
Salt cellars.....	.78	.78	12	12	14	14	14	14	14	14	20
Pepper boxes.....	.68	.68	12	12	14	14	14	14	14	14	20
Sirup pitchers.....	5.40	5.40	12	12	14	14	14	14	14	14	20
Bowls.....	1.50	8.50	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	100
Pickle dishes.....	2.25	1.50	8	8	9	9	9	9	9	9	12
Sugar bowls.....	4.61	4.61	12	12	14	14	14	14	14	14	20
Gravy boats.....	4.73	4.73	12	12	14	14	14	14	14	14	20
Mustard pots.....	1.52	1.52	12	12	14	14	14	14	14	14	20
Tumblers.....	.42	2.38	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	100
Total value.....		\$86.02		\$86.62	\$93.59	\$94.22	\$94.80	\$95.40	\$96.00	\$97.91	\$134.66
Annual allowance, 20 per cent.		17.20		17.32	18.72	18.84	18.96	19.08	19.20	19.58	26.93
Quarterly allowance, 5 per cent.		4.30		4.33	4.68	4.71	4.74	4.77	4.80	4.90	6.73
Quarterly allowance, per man.....		.06		.06	.07	.07	.07	.07	.06	.07	.07

Basis for computing cost of allowance of China and Glassware under G. O., No. 7, A. G. O., 1895, and Circular No. 3, A. G. O., of 1895.

From 60 to 65 men's quota no allowance is made for increase, except for *individual outfit* and for *vegetable dishes*.

For any increase over 65 men no allowance is provided for except that stated in Circular 3, viz.: "proportionate increase according to strength of organization."

The method of computing the allowance is as follows for a quarter:

For 60 men, 5 per cent. of annual allowance of china and glassware, including individual and general articles.

For additional strength between 60 and 65, viz.: 61, 62, 63, and 64, add to the annual allowance of 60, $\frac{1}{8}$ per man for individual articles (to which only he is entitled under G. O., No. 7), and take 5 per cent. of the sum to ascertain quarterly allowance for 61, 62, 63, or 64 men, as the case may be. The quarterly allowance for each man in this group is $\frac{1}{32}$, $\frac{1}{24}$, $\frac{1}{16}$, $\frac{1}{12}$, respectively.

For 65 men the computation is $\frac{1}{8}$ for each man.

For 66, 67, 68, 69 men the allowance of each man ($\frac{1}{8}$ for individual articles) is added to the annual allowance for 65 men, and 5 per cent. of the sum is taken for quarterly allowance. The quarterly allowance for each man in this group is $\frac{1}{8}$, $\frac{1}{7}$, $\frac{1}{6}$, and $\frac{1}{5}$, respectively, of allowance for 66 to 69 men.

For 70 men the allowance is that for 60 men plus $\frac{1}{8}$, with addition of—

- 1 meat plate;
- 1 water pitcher;
- 6 vegetable dishes;
- 2 salt cellars;
- 2 pepper boxes;
- 2 sirup pitchers;
- 1 pickle dish;
- 2 sugar bowls;
- 2 gravy boats;
- 2 mustard pots

For 71 to 74 men, respectively, the allowance is computed in similar manner to that for 61 to 64 men, respectively, on basis of 70 men.

For 75 men, or 100 men, the allowance is computed on basis similar to that for 65 men.



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